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# The Quarterly







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# The Quarterly

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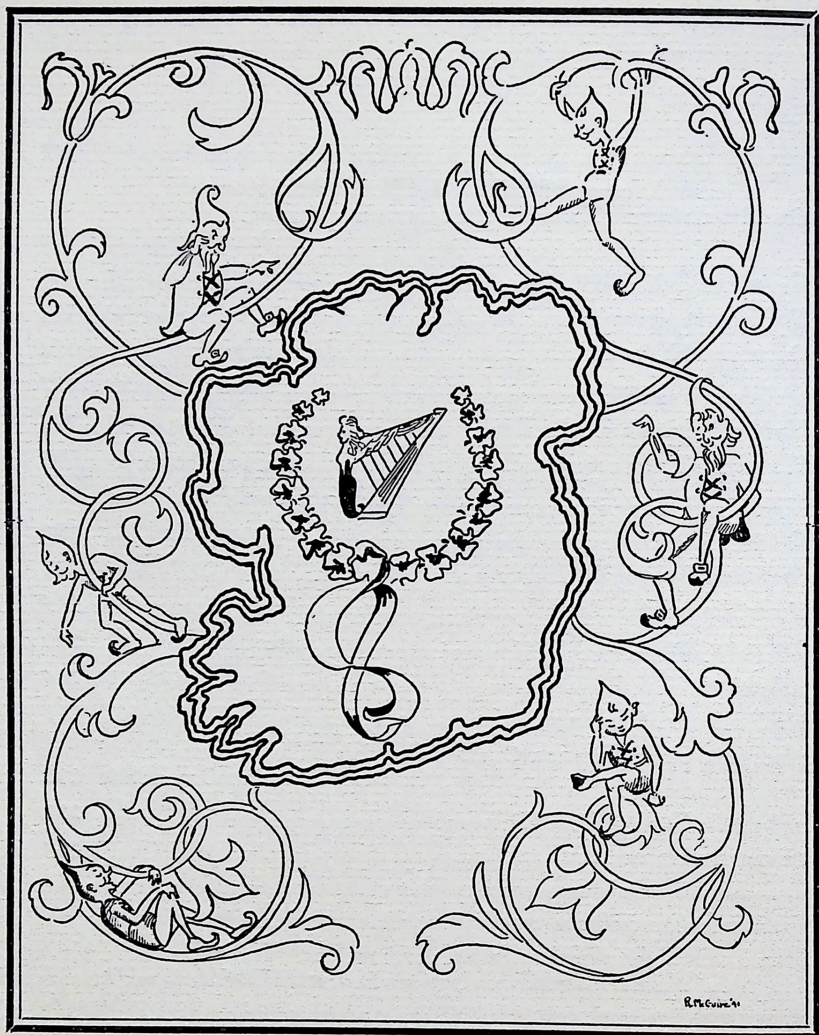
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# *Irish Folklore*

## **Leprechauns and Banshees**

MARGARET F. DALY

**I**RISH folklore is a fascinating combination of rude belief in the ancient maleficent spirits of the pre-Christian era, modified by the purifying influence of the Catholic Church. It has a weird, old-world touch. Unlike the lore of most peasants which is coarse and vulgar, Irish folklore shows innate refinement and a realization that the true fruit of life is a spiritual reality. It is highly imaginative, mystical, and sensitive; it contains subtle Irish humor pervaded by enchanting pathos.

Before St. Patrick brought them the light of truth, the Irish had a set of pagan deities similar to those of Greece and Rome. Belief in these gods was not limited to the peasantry. Even kings and their households believed in them as shown in their frequent invocation of the "divine sidh" or inhabitants of the ground.

Entirely different from these gods are the fairies which are peculiarly Irish in origin and belief. Although the deities of antiquity have passed from popular belief; superstitions, customs, and stories have arisen about the fairies which have kept them alive in the heart of the Irish peasantry. There are both good fairies and demons who form the first division of spirits; they are rarely visible but greatly feared. The second division is that of the race of De Danann. One theory of their origin was that they were angels who revolted with Satan and were driven from heaven. However, they were not bad enough for hell, so they inhabit that mysterious region spoken of as the "Other World".

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Just as the Greeks offered sacrifice to their gods, so too did the Fennians who used the cow as the usual victim of such a sacrifice. The men and women generally tasted of his blood afterwards. Effects of this practice still can be traced in Ireland. The first drop of a cow's milk is thrown on the ground; if a child spills his milk, the mother is likely to say, "That's for the fairies. Leave it to them, and welcome."

Iron and salt are two powerful preventatives of fairy ill will. Tradition says that the Milesians, who conquered the fairies, were an iron-weaponed race; therefore the fairies always flee from iron. The housemaid puts an iron horseshoe on the bottom of the churn so that the butter will not be bewitched. A small piece of iron is sewed into the clothing of all children until they are baptized. Salt, the other preventative, is sprinkled on the cradle to prevent a child's being abducted by a fairy.

There are many superstitions about fairies. For instance, it is supposed to be a sign of marriage for a girl to dream of one; however, it is bad luck for a man so to dream because it will bring him misfortune and ruin. On Hallowe'en or All Hallows Eve, it is believed that the hills open and the fairies come forth. There is a superstition connected with fairy music which says that anyone who hears it will be so haunted by it that he will go mad.

There are some distinctive spirits of solitary habits; these are more famous than the tribes of the "good people". The most common of these is the Leprechaun or, as he is sometimes called, the Clurichaun. He is a deformed old fellow, usually dressed in a green coat and white shorts with a leather apron and a three-cornered hat. A shoemaker by trade and the symbol of industry, he is usually found following his



## IRISH FOLKLORE

occupation under a hedgerow or a clump of hazels. The common belief is that if one succeeds in catching the Leprechaun, he can force him to reveal hidden treasure. Another reason for catching the Leprechaun is his magic purse which contains a magic shilling that keeps reappearing no matter how often it is spent. However, it is an arduous task to capture a Leprechaun because he is a mischievous rogue full of artifice and deception. If one's glance is diverted for an instant, he escapes. The treasure hunter is then tormented by hoarse, cackling laughter. There is a story told of Moina Hogann who saw a Leprechaun when she was newly-married. She grasped him and demanded his treasure. However, he diverted her glance by exclaiming, "Look, the bees are making off!" In that moment he disappeared, and she never found the treasure.

The fairy most dreaded by the imaginative Irish peasantry is the Banshee or Beansighe, the hag who is said to give warning of death by lamentations and cries. There is supposed to be one attached to each family—even the families of Protestants. The Pooka is another fairy of solitary habits. His appearance is somewhat vague; he appears as a horse, a goat, a mule, or practically any animal. One distinctive characteristic is his ability to do housework.

There is an ancient legend about a Púca which is probably another name for the Pooka. It tells of a half-fool in Dunmore in County Galway, a piper of the neighborhood who could play but one tune, "Black Rogue". One night he was coming home inebriated when a Púca came up behind him and carried him far away, finally stopping at Croagh Patric. Here the Púca stamped three times on the ground and the mountain-side opened. Inside were many old women seated around a table. The Púca introduced the fool as the

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best piper in Ireland. He then inspired the piper to play music such as to charm the angels. The women danced madly; they rewarded the piper with gold pieces. When the piper was leaving, he was given a new set of pipes, and was returned to the spot from which he had been abducted. Returning home, the piper related his strange experience to his incredulous wife. As proof, he showed his gold pieces, and played his pipes. From the new set he could draw only the sound of geese and ganders, but on his old set he played exquisite music. From then on there was no better piper in Galway.

There is a strange being known in some parts of Ireland called the Piast. One legend says it was an immense serpent which was confined to the lakes by St. Patrick. Another version says that a giant was born as an ordinary infant to an old couple in Baylock. Within a few days, however, he began to grow rapidly. He ate everything in sight; finally an old seer confined him to the lake of Baylock. Every year, however, he is said to rise above the water and ask if the day before the Last Judgment has arrived yet. On that day, tradition says, he will come forth and swallow the whole of Ireland.

A fine example of the delicately beautiful ardor for which the Irish language is marked is the story of the origin of mother-love. They say that one day the Infant Christ looked up at Our Blessed Mother and said, "O, mo grádh thú, a mham." This means "O Mother, my darling."

The Holy Mother answered with love, "Mo sheacht grádh thú, a mhio." This means, "Son, you are my sevenfold dearest!"

The Child then said, "O Mother, what have you done to the mothers of the world? Ever after this they will be seven

## IRISH FOLKLORE

times fonder of their children than their children of them." Since that time, that saying has remained as the Gaelic definition of mother-love.

There is also a rigorous, stern view of values ever present in the Irish mind. To those who think themselves too fine to work, the Irishman replies, "A king's son is not nobler than his food." Irish proverbs are strong in their simplicity. For example: "The seagulls cannot watch on two strands"; "She must have been fond of a wedding that married that boy."

A figure well known to the Irish back country is the story-teller. At evening when neighbors are gathered around the hearth, he retells stories which have been handed down orally from generation to generation. Many of these are about the Holy Family. One in particular tells about a journey they were making on a stormy night. St. Joseph asked a cowherd for a thorn to replace a lost pin which fastened the cloak of the Infant Christ; the man refused. Continuing on their journey, the Holy Family came to a forge; the blacksmith offered to make a pin. He fashioned a very beautiful one. Since that time, any smith that bathes in the water that cools this man's irons has been greatly strengthened and refreshed.

The folklore of Ireland is constantly being enlarged with stories about modern people. A typical one of this type concerns a soldier fighting for the Americans during the World War. Before leaving, Patrick had promised his mother that he would return on Christmas Eve if he was demobilized in time. He did come on Christmas Eve but he could not stay long; he left on Christmas Day. The next day his mother received word that he had been killed in action on the Western Front on Christmas Eve. He had kept his tryst.

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One of the most fertile sources of information about a people is their music and their literature. All Irish literature has one principle common to all types, an idealistic attitude towards life, a detachment from temporal things. Because Ireland has been comparatively isolated and seldom overrun by alien hordes, her stories and sayings are virile and unspoiled, and contain a native humor which is inimitable. It is this spirit that makes the Irish believe their own fairy tales and that distinguishes an Irishman, no matter what his adopted land.

### *On Hearing the New World Symphony*

Enclosed by walls of crystal sound am I,  
While note upon note the slender arches rise  
And overhead a single pennant flies—  
Scarlet and golden, in the cloudless sky.  
The gleaming turrets builded strong and high,  
Stand firm and proud before my wondering eyes;  
And on the threshold this inscription lies:  
“Words are but mortal,—Music cannot die.”

For black-winged Time will find a flooded moat,—  
The draw-bridge up; and though he gather round  
His lackeys Death and Age, and thus assail  
These splendid walls; the world may pause and note:  
He flies against impenetrable sound,  
Beating his broken wings,—to no avail.

JOAN CARSON



# *Clarinet For Rent*

Three Dollars in a Hurry

MARTHA CREAMER .

**P**EEP-SHOWS, lemonade stands, Junior license campaign, amateur photography—Peter Smith had taken them all in his stride. His latest was swing music! Peter was just fifteen—which accounted for a lot of things. He was tall for his age, with muddy blond hair and smooth cheeks despite the private sessions with his father's best razor. When he talked his mother looked at him curiously. She couldn't get used to the huskiness of his voice. She had grown quite resigned to bringing up a soprano.

Peter called himself a "music lover". He scorned the term "jitterbug". Kid stuff, he scoffed. He was going to be a musician! He had descended on his family one night with a very shiny clarinet in a black case. He was devoted to it from that day henceforth and practiced on it faithfully; very faithfully, much too faithfully, thought his harassed father who was inconsiderate enough to wince and then roar when Peter's teeth accidentally touched the "reed." Peter was very disgusted with his family as a whole. He didn't think they had any souls. He was very sure of it when they moved him and the clarinet bodily to the cellar. Mr. Smith had reached his physiological limit. He wondered sometimes vaguely by what means Peter had procured the instrument but when the "music was going 'round and 'round", he couldn't hear himself think and when it wasn't, he hated to bring the subject up.

Peter quite voluntarily cleared matters up.

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"Pop," he announced one evening before dinner (which was very unwise; he should have known better). "Pop, I need three bucks."

"So do I," came the irate voice between an aching head and an empty stomach.

For a moment Peter was "buffaloed." Then with the temerity of his age he held forth again.

"This is really urgent, Dad," he said. "You know my clarinet—"

Mr. Smith peered menacingly around his evening paper. Did he know it?

"Well, anyway," hastened Peter, "it's not paid for. You see, I get the clarinet in school and lessons all term free except for the three bucks—rental or something—and all I have to do is play in the band at football games next fall. So I need the three bucks and before Monday if you don't mind, Dad."

"I do mind."

"Well, then, I guess I'll have to let it go till Tuesday, that's all. My credit's still good."

"It better be good—for a long time."

Peter thought that over a bit.

"You mean I can't have the three bucks?"

"Yes, I mean you can't have the three bucks—dollars. If you think I'm going to *pay* for having to listen to that blasted horn—"

"Fred, dinner's ready." Mrs. Smith, always the diplomat, dismissed her erring son with an imperceptible uplift of her brows.

Smith mumbled something about the youth of America and began his soup. He was very hungry. He started a long, detailed account of his terrific day. Peter squirmed. Mrs.

## CLARINET FOR RENT

Smith listened and smiled and pressed Peter's knee with her hand and, in between, ate her own dinner.

The telephone rang. Peter blew out of the room as if propelled by a cyclone.

"PETER," roared Smith, "come back here."

Peter came back.

Presently a very large colored maid, Antoinette, "Two-Ton-Toni" for short, appeared and announced that the call was for Peter.

Again whirled the cyclone.

"Helen, why doesn't that boy tell his friends not to call when we're eating?"

"But, Fred, dear, our dinner hour is so irregular."

"Are you taking his part? Now, Helen—"

"Your dinner is getting cold, dear."

Peter meanwhile had settled himself in the telephone chair with his "size tens" on the opposite wall.

"What, ho," he said cheerfully. "No, no, you didn't—wasn't doing a thing—not a thing. What?"

He perched the receiver between his ear and his shoulder and started to braid the fringe on the cover of the telephone table.

"No, I asked him. It's like pulling teeth to get any money outa that guy. A measly three rocks—"

Came several sympathetic remarks from the person who didn't know the Smith's dinner hour.

"Nah, I know him. He'll never come through, but I'll get it some way. I'll get it if I hafta—yeah, yeah, well I gotta eat now. I'll call ya later. S'long."

Peter was very disconsolate all through dinner. He needed funds badly. He and Bud and Whitey and a couple of the other fellows who could "play" were going to organize

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a swing band. Peter was elected the leader because it had been his idea and because he had a clarinet. Or did he? He'd have to return it Monday if he didn't pay for it. And his father was too stingy to fork over. It looked as if he was going to have to go out and work for his living. He could play in a band. He could play in his own band. The fellows wouldn't mind paying for his clarinet if it meant they could keep the band together. He pictured himself in a tuxedo, swinging a baton in one hand and a clarinet in the other. Why they'd clean up. He had brightened considerably by the time dessert appeared, partly on that account and partly because of his own genius. And then he remembered. He managed to consume a very generous sector of chocolate pie but his face dropped again. How could he use the clarinet to make money to pay for it when he wouldn't have it after next Monday. And this was Thursday. Peter thought it a hard world.

He didn't play the "blasted horn" all evening, but when he thought his father was looking he fondled the case gently. He did his home-work with the air of a martyr. Mrs. Smith was a little worried. He didn't even insist that they hear the Thursday Night Swing Session. She didn't know that he hung out a second story window to listen to the radio next door.

At 8:30 when the program was over he sat on the stairs with his chin on his hands and sympathized with himself. Downstairs he could hear his father and mother talking.

"There's another meeting tomorrow night, Helen, that I'll have to go to. Think you'd like to come?" Peter recognized the wheedling tone that his mother always fell for.

"Why, yes, I think I'd like it, Fred. Peter will be all

## CLARINET FOR RENT

right for a few hours. Even if we're late, he can have one of his friends stay all night."

A few hours, thought Peter. Alone in the house for a whole evening. What fun he could have if he didn't have so many worries. Maybe he could auction off some of the furniture for three dollars. Maybe he could sell the dump. There ought to be some way to use a house to raise money.

The kitchen door opened and Toni waddled in to use the phone. She was all dressed up. When she hung up, Peter called to her.

"You got a date, Toni?"

"Yassuh, Petah, I sure has. I'm gonna win some money t'night. Gonna play Bingo down to mah church."

Peter pondered awhile. Bingo, huh? Win some money. Mmmmm. If a church could do it, so could he.

He pounded down the stairs, three at a time, closed the doors leading to the kitchen and the living room before he picked up the 'phone. He talked in a very low voice out of the side of his mouth.

"Bud?—Listen, I got that three bucks all figured out. What a brain! What a brain! What?—Well, gimme a chance! I can't tell ya now."

His voice took on a sepulchral quality.

"You just be over here tomorrow night at about 7:30 and listen—bring as many of the guys as you can—that has money—Never mind—don't be so curious, you'll see—and listen, tell 'em to bring some girls if they want—if they have any money. Combine business with pleasure I always say.—No—no, they'll be out. Till late. Mom said so.—O.K.—and for gosh sakes, try to be early for once in your life."

Peter entered the living room whistling. The tune was

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flat but very merry. He took his clarinet off the piano and clattered down the cellar stairs.

Presently through the floor filtered the strains of "America" in the Key of G. Mrs. Smith sighed contentedly. Mr. Smith sighed too, but not with contentment. Presently he threw down his paper and said, "I'm going to bed!"

The following night, Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Smith considerably kept their word and departed on schedule, leaving their offspring with the house and lot to amuse himself.

Peter promptly removed every possible chair from the upstairs rooms to the cellar. He had hoped to inveigle his chums into that job but it was already twenty-to-eight and they, running true to form, had not yet put in an appearance. He hauled out and dusted his Bingo game and put it with the others he had collected from friends and neighbors in the course of the day.

Presently a mob burst in the front door and descended on Peter in the cellar. He was a little overwhelmed. He hadn't expected quite so many. There was much shouting, singing and shagging before Bud on the top step finally made himself heard. Peter, in a private corner, had confided in his best friend and appointed him "caller." Bud had objected but, nevertheless, presently found himself lustily yelling "B 14, N 34, G 62," while Peter beside him doled out the too frequent winnings. That would-be musician found out very soon that the "output" equalled the "take-in" and that he was no nearer the "three bucks" than he had ever been. His guests were enjoying themselves immensely but he was very disheartened. He was almost bankrupt. And then suddenly he almost fell off his perch. For during a lull in the exuberance of the Bingo players he heard the familiar sound of the car in the driveway. He was the only one that



## CLARINET FOR RENT

heard it! Bud kept calling the numbers mournfully, unmindful of Peter's misery until that worthy person enlightened him.

"Keep it going, old pal," Peter urged; "I'll be back—if I live."

Bud nodded understandingly. He had parents too.

Peter met his mother in the kitchen.

"Dad's putting the car away." She smiled and kissed him and then suddenly frowned.

"Peter, *who* is making all that racket?"

Peter gulped.

"Mother, you said I could have the gang in—you told me not to stay here alone—you said—"

"Well, you certainly aren't alone." She started for the cellar door.

Peter got in front of her.

"Mom—how about—your coat and hat—want me to hang them up for you?"

She eyed him suspiciously.

"Peter," she began—

Mr. Smith came in the back door. He hadn't heard the clarinet for hours. He felt very happy.

"Hello, Son." He listened for a moment. "Well, it's nice to hear a couple of cheerful voices in a house. You must be having a good time, Peter?"

Peter opened his mouth.

From the lower regions came the shrill shout of "BINGO."

"Bingo?" ejaculated the elder Smiths in unison.

"Bingo," replied Peter in a resigned voice.

"Well, let's go down and take a look," suggested Smith heartily.

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Peter hadn't the strength to resist. He lifted his hand feebly as his father opened the cellar door. He closed his eyes and shuddered at the bellow issuing from the Bingo party.

Smith, himself, was rather taken back. He hadn't known Peter had such a quantity of friends. He was about to close the door and retire for the night when he noticed Bud Hopkins pour a stream of change into a box beside him. Smith's face was puzzled when he turned to his son.

"Were you playing for money, Peter?"

Peter nodded miserably.

"Much?" Smith's voice was quiet.

Peter looked desperate. He made a futile gesture with one hand.

"Coupla dollars," he murmured.

"Peter, that's too much money for kids your age to play for; much too much. I'm afraid I can't permit that."

He started down the cellar stairs. Peter flew after him.

"Dad, listen, let me explain. Don't say anything to them. Let me tell you first?"

His father retraced his steps. He was relieved. He wanted an explanation.

"You see, Dad," Peter's face was very earnest, "I want my clarinet. You wouldn't give me the money. I had to have it. So I thought I'd—well,—have a Bingo party—and raise some. I was only going to take three dollars—and the kids were having fun—" He watched his father's face. It was very thoughtful, serious. For a minute it was very quiet in the kitchen. Smith stroked his chin.

"I understand, Peter. I guess I didn't realize you wanted the money so badly."

He unfolded three green bills from his wallet and handed them, smiling, to his son.

## TO A STAR

Peter was speechless.

"Dad," he gasped, "oh, Dad."

"Now, will you give those hoodlums back their money and get rid of them?"

"Yowie, you bet!" Peter disappeared into the cellar.

Smith put his arm around his wife's shoulders and shook his head.

"What a boy!"

She smiled up at him.

"But, Fred, I did think you were an awful bear not to give him the money in the first place."

He squeezed her arm.

"Well, me too. But I couldn't tell him that. I've been trying to find an excuse to change my mind all day. Lucky for him he had that Bingo idea!"

## *To a Star*

Star . . . . .

To think that you are great within the orbs of space

And yet, you look so small from here. . . . .

Like some queer pattern in a piece of lace.

Star . . . . .

I want to be a pattern etched in lace. A kin

To you, a shadow of a thing

To come, seeming small outside, great within.

A. LESLIE

# *Cardinal Newman*

Scholar, Musician, Poet

MARY O'TOOLE

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was an original thinker, and he was also a great lover. The strangely harmonious blending of these attributes in him gave the Catholic Church one of her most illustrious converts; presented England with one of her great men; contributed to literature some of its finest works; and introduced a great movement to its leader.

Newman had an unfortunate fate at the prejudiced mercy of his contemporary, would-be interpreters, essentially because they forgot to correlate the great Oxford teacher with the musician and the poet. Treating these factors of an entity separately, they produced, instead of the great man we have today, only caricatures. Those who dwelt on the scholar desensitized the emotional Newman and developed a cold, reasoning pedant who waded through intellectual mires until he got so deep that he was lost in the quicksands of Catholicism.

Those who thought of Newman as either the great lover and composer of poetry, or the eloquent preacher, or as the musician, were carried away by the intriguing prospect of the sensuous having overcome the intellectual and resulting in the pathetic picture of a poor, deluded Newman enraptured by the euphonious chant of a Latin Mass, by the splendor of golden vestments, or by an oriental, poetic atmosphere, laden with incense.

To subordinate either his intellect or his great capacity

## CARDINAL NEWMAN

for love of the good and the beautiful is to miss the man and dwell on superficial accidents. His intellect constantly sought truth; his love led him to search for holiness as its most perfect expression. This search for both truth and holiness was so intensive that it took his whole life to find either to his complete satisfaction. It was a disheartening, a disappointing pursuit often, for it entailed heroic sacrifice and blind faith—since religion was the field where he concentrated both these forces. That he thought deeply can be proved by his gradual progress from strong Calvinistic doctrines in youth to Roman Catholicism in later life; that he loved truly can be seen by the sanctity of his life.

His knowledge begot love, and love thirsted after more knowledge. It was when he was about thirty that Newman first realized that his compelling spirituality was leading him away from the Anglican Church and all that he had most cherished. He was apprehensive rather than enthusiastic at the prospect. At this time of great emotional and mental strain, he expressed the keynote of his life in a poem since become famous as a hymn:

“Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.”

Endowed with so much by his Creator, Newman was asked to give more in return. As the price for his mind he was made to suffer by a sense of failure in the eyes of the world. Loneliness was the penalty he paid for his capacity to love. Perhaps this loneliness was Newman's greatest cross,

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because he was so capable of beautiful friendship. He was given many great and noble friends, but almost everyone was taken away from him.

One of the most touching examples of true love is seen in Newman's relationship with Hurrell Froude, the spirit of the Oxford Movement, if we are to consider Newman as its leader. It was Froude who first inspired Newman with the idea of the glorious heritage of an Apostolic Church and led him in his search to prove that the Anglican Church was such an establishment. It was Froude who gave Newman that high seriousness and consciousness of a great purpose in life that characterized him after the two returned from a Mediterranean voyage. It was the delicate Froude so nearly dead yet so actively zealous who taught Newman the set of values that he maintained throughout life. In return for all this, Newman endowed Froude's enthusiasm with reason, returned admiration with awe, and gave unstinted love and service.

But the death which both Froude and Newman had been so long expecting and against which Froude had almost mockingly built up great deeds in a few crowded years, overtook Newman's dear friend when the latter was still in his twenties. However, in spite of Newman's grief, he did not let that love die, for he was compelled by it to carry on the Church reform into which Froude had drained his last but mighty bit of energy—hence the great force Newman brought with him to the Oxford Movement.

As his love and knowledge of God grew, he realized more and more the diminution of his hold on or love for things material. For with each step he took toward Rome, he lost one old friend, or was cut off from one familiar, loved place. Are not his feelings at least partially shared when we

## CARDINAL NEWMAN

realize that by the avalanche that followed his conversion to Catholicism he not only severed social friends but also his intellectual equals and companions, and, most dear to him, his own elemental environment at Oxford? He became a social recluse and an intellectual hermit.

And it was not the severing of old connections for the reception of new ones, for the Church of his adoption and of his love looked upon him suspiciously at first. This now is quite comprehensible, since it would be only natural to doubt the intentions of the leader of what appeared at first to be an anti-papal movement. Then to Newman who had been so acclaimed in his own Church, it must have seemed a cold, unfitting reception. But he adapted himself to it and lived holily and secludedly for many uneventful but thought-filled years.

The suspicions of Cardinal Manning, who had once been an Anglican friend of Newman and had followed him into the Church, that Newman was a radical, an agitator, and a freethinker who was dangerous to the Church must have hurt the man and developed the saint.

As for Newman's failures, the greatest according to his friends was his desertion of the movement of which he had been leader and his espousal of the opposing force. According to Newman, his greatest was his inability to make people understand his reasons for this. This failure he eventually turned into his greatest victory by the publication of his famed autobiography, "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." This silenced his interpreters by giving a full explanation of all his motives, won for him the respect of his critics, and made secure his place in literature.

But this did not end his sufferings, for the fiasco of trying to establish a Catholic University in Dublin must have

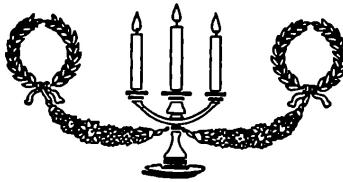


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disheartened him, while the constant misinterpretation of his actions within the Catholic Church must have tempted his precious faith momentarily during trying times. However, he never faltered, and his tenacity in using his mind and his overwhelming love eventually conquered. At the very end of his lonely life he received long overdue recognition from his Church when she proclaimed him Cardinal, a tacit endorsement of all his views and actions.

After this a tired old man asks only for Purgatory and says,

"There will I sing and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To think and pine, and languish, till possessed  
Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love.  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."



## *Alter Ego*

The country-side since last I came  
Has lost the green it wore in Spring;  
And now is mantled in gold and flame,  
The colors that only the frost can bring.  
I have fled from the fields with their well-piled sheaves,  
And I'll never return, for I can't forget  
The musty smell of the moon-drenched leaves,  
And pines on the hill-top in silhouette.  
I shall rest at the foot of the birches slim,  
And drink from the brooks of amethyst.  
And I'll look for Pan, and I'll play with him,—  
And wear bright garlands, for I can twist  
The brilliant garlands of bitter-sweet  
Into a crown that a queen might wear.  
And I'll go where the sky and the mountains meet,  
And sleep on the moss in the crisp cold air.

But now, as always, I must return.  
But first I'll stand in the pricking rain,  
Through the window I'll watch the fire burn—  
With my face pressed close on the cool wet pane.  
For she is content to be sitting there  
With her books lined primly along the shelf;  
And she doesn't know,—and she doesn't care. . . .  
O! how I pity my other Self.  
Now I will knock at the heavy door,  
But I'll never tell where I have been.  
I see her walking across the floor . . .  
A moment more,—and she'll let me in!

JOAN CARSON

# *Macha and the Silver Fruit*

At a Price

IRENE MAHONEY

THE sun was bright on the dusty road and on the fields where the corn withered in its sheath, but in the forest where Macha ran among the tall trees it was cool and green. Her sandals were grey with the dust of the highway but her hair was gold as the yellow tortoise, as befits the daughter of a king. For Macha was the first-born of Laemar who had been ruler of the whole kingdom of Ireland until the jealousy of Tuathal had inflamed his followers into rebellion. They besieged the castle of the King and Laemar was killed by the treacherous spear of Cimbaeth, who had the eyes of a fox. Macha watched the battle and feared the angry passion of Tuathal, the leader. There was no time to bury the slain and at night the besieged heard the wolves and the raucous screams of the crows from the field of the unburied dead. The victors had used their knives well, and there were few captives.

The beauty of Macha aroused desire in the heart of Tuathal and he commanded that she and the woman who was her nurse be brought to him and made part of his household. But Macha when it was dark crept from the light of the fires and fled into the forest. She walked until the sun was bright on the laurel leaves, and now she was tired; but she could not rest—always she heard the sound of horses behind her and the coarse shouts of their riders—and she ran madly until her foot caught in a great vine and she slipped to her knees.

## MACHA AND THE SILVER FRUIT

When she looked up she saw a man in tattered clothes, but there was no fear in her heart for he was a kind man with friendly eyes and a smiling voice. He gave her cool water to drink and told her his name was Armagh. He asked her nothing but made a pillow of fir boughs, and there Macha, daughter of a King, slept until it was day again. When she awoke there was bread to eat and water; and always the smiles of Armagh. She told him of the battle and the tribes of Tuathal; the death of the King and that she was the daughter of Laemar. She did not tell him that she was full of loneliness and fear, because she knew that he loved her; and loving her, he would know her heart.

"Macha, my heart's darling, Tuathal will never find us; we will walk through the forest along the road that leads to Balnamurgh until we come to the place where Seumas watches his sheep. There is a stone house there and a lake with silver fish. Macha, angel of earth, we will live there always by the blue lake and the laurel grove. Tuathal will forget in the sport of killing—do not fear—there can be no evil that can take us apart and when we are together nothing can be evil."

And Macha and Armagh with wild young hearts journeyed along the road to the house of Seumas. And a man with dark clothes and fair skin walked toward them and asked Armagh for a mouthful of water. As he drank a silver fruit fell from his cloak and Macha watching it turn blue and orange in the sun's rays knew she could not be happy without it. And Armagh watching her white fingers caressing it asked the Stranger the price of such a gift. But the Stranger said it was not a thing for sale, there was no price one could pay for the fruit of all knowledge. But, Macha, mad with desire, showed the jewels she had taken

## THE QUARTERLY

with her from the household of her father. But the Stranger shook his head,

"The knowledge you must bear is its own price. Can you look into the future and bear to know its sorrows? That is the price. For once you know, you cannot change the things that are to be—"

But Macha with a covetous heart, not heeding the question said yes, and the Stranger said, "Then the silver fruit is yours".

And immediately she knew all things—that Tuathal and his men were not far off—that Armagh would be killed and she would be taken back to the household of Tuathal where she would grow old and be despised. She could not stop her sobbing and she cried to the Stranger—,

"It will not be thus; give me your sword—I will not feel its pain", but again he shook his head—

"You cannot die; you have accepted things that are to be—you cannot change them". But Macha wild with pain and fear clung to Armagh and would listen to nothing. And the Stranger said,

"Only one person can release you from life in the Household of Tuathal—that is Armagh—only his sword will pierce your body. That is the way which you can die together."

But Armagh grew white and held Macha close. Cold with fear she screamed that she heard the horses of Tuathal and prayed that Armagh might kill her. And Armagh with a frantic gesture plunged his sword into her body and then into his own. But he felt no pain and looking up he saw the Stranger smiling,

"Your own hand cannot hold the sword—only the men of Tuathal can release you from life—" And Armagh put his head upon the body of Macha and waited.

# *Between Orion and the Plough*

—Development of a Poet

JOAN CARSON

IT HAS been a long time since Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote *Renascence*, the title-poem of her first book. This poem is a foreshadowing of all the work she has done since; and although the form and language are deceptively simple, it is written with a depth of feeling and restraint that shows she is deeply aware of the essential unity of the universe. It has been spoken of as "part birds' song and part essay in philosophy." *Renascence* is the story of a mystical rebirth and an awakening to nature and beauty. Miss Millay, in the true ecstasy of youth longed to embrace the universe; and in so doing dreamed that infinity settled down upon her, pressing her into the earth. Almost crushed by the weight of the terrible wrongs of the world she cried:

For my omniscience paid I toll  
In infinite remorse of soul.  
All sin was of my sinning, all  
Atoning mine, and mine the gall  
Of all regret. Mine was the weight  
Of every brooded wrong, the hate  
That stood behind each envious thrust,  
Mine every greed, mine every lust.

But although she knew

The How and Why of all things, past,  
And present, and forevermore.

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she could not bear the thought that she might never again see "Spring-silver" and "autumn-gold"; finally her longing for life triumphed over death, and she sprung up from the ground

And hailed the earth with such a cry  
As is not heard save from a man  
Who has been dead, and lives again.

This reveals to us that Miss Millay is almost too sensitive to the beautiful; for the beauty of autumn is almost physical pain, and a bird call or a falling leaf would be too much to bear.

Her next book, *A Few Figs From Thistles*, is an expression of revolt against Puritan America. The spirit of the post-war generation was that of adventure, and there were only two roads open; one could be resigned to the fact that there were many odds against him and accept disappointment and failure as his due, or he could follow those who lived life boldly but not too seriously. It is not strange, then, that Edna St. Vincent Millay became the poet laureate of young America. For this role she wears the motley of cynicism and the mask of laughter. Here she plays the part of a penitent who had "a little Sorrow, born of a little Sin", she confesses that she has "been a wicked girl" and says

"But if I can't be sorry, why,  
I might as well be glad!"

Miss Millay confides in us that her candle burns at both ends, and that she builds her palaces upon sand; she has discovered too, that while love itself remains constant the objects of love may vary. This book was written during the Greenwich Village Period of her life; one can only conclude,

## BETWEEN ORION AND THE PLOUGH

therefore, that one of the reasons she wrote in this fashion was to shock those people who looked with raised eye-brows upon the bohemians of the Village. And although deliberately shocking people is poor sport for so fine an artist, she has accomplished something which could be done in no other way; Miss Millay has swept away with a gust of impudent Pan-ish laughter much of the formal sentimentality of the day. But the fact remains that here is a work which lacks the searching, sensitive touch of the author of *Renascence*.

In *The Harp-Weaver* Miss Millay strikes a more sober note than before. In this volume there is a sonnet sequence in which Miss Millay falls far short of her usual standard. Taken as a group they might form a plot for a novel or a play. They show, I believe an unmistakable influence of Robert Frost. The most frequent criticism of these sonnets is that Miss Millay has taken liberties with the sonnet form in that the final line of each is several feet too long. Important as this is, I feel that the greater fault lies in the fact that she has told the sordid tale of a woman bound by duty to a man whom she no longer loves. Surely a lyricist has a right to the center of his own stage, and therefore there can be no reason for Miss Millay to step to the wings to make room for two rather revolting characters, and a story in which there is nothing either beautiful or admirable.

In 1927, when writing of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial and execution, Miss Millay said:

The world, the physical world, that once was all  
in all to me, has at moments such as these no roads  
through a wood, no stretch of shore, that can bring me  
comfort. The beauty of these things can no longer at  
such moments make up to me for all the ugliness of  
man, his cruelty, his greed, his lying face.



## THE QUARTERLY

This is the first indication we have that Miss Millay is aware of something more important than physical beauty. With no more warning than this, we find upon the publication of her next book that Edna St. Vincent Millay has grown up.

*Fatal Interview* is unquestionably her most uniformly beautiful work. In a sonnet sequence she tells of a love, and a separation which is treated as a kind of a death. Her candle no longer sputters feebly at both ends, but burns with a bright and steady flame; and she has learned to build her palaces on firmer ground than sand. In this book we find a great deal more than the spring-time fancies and the studied cynicism of a little girl pretending to be a grownup; we have here a record of the mind of a mature woman grappling with the intellectual aspects of abstract beauty.

*Huntsman, What Quarry?* shows us still another Edna Millay. She is older now, and although she may have lost faith and hope she still has charity, because she has become concerned with the probable fate of Man. She is moved by the plight of Spain and China, and wonders why the human race cannot use its knowledge for advancement rather than for destruction. One feels, after reading this book, that while her voice is still strong she is shaken and unsure of herself, and has been made bitter by her own uncertainties.

It seems strange that all of the war poetry in this book, despite its obvious sincerity, is not even comparable to the poetry which Miss Millay has written on love and death and sorrow. This may be due to the fact that a poet is never at his best when he rebels; and Miss Millay has made the mistake of writing about a particular war instead of generalizing, and in so doing she has forced her poetry to fit within

## BETWEEN ORION AND THE PLOUGH

a certain space of time that is too small to hold poetry that should, and could be timeless.

Despite her interest in current events Miss Millay has, for the most part, remained unchanged. She still longs for unattainable beauty, and tries to outwit Death; and as long as she insists:

"As God's my judge, I do cry holy, holy,  
Upon the name of love however brief"

we need not fear that she will become so completely absorbed in the wrongs of the world that she will forget the true and beautiful things of which she has been singing for so long.

Edna St. Vincent Millay is a pagan with a sob in her voice and an aching heart, for she is always haunted by the terrible fear of death. And she is the most sorrowful of all pagan poets, for as it has been pointed out long ago, paganism fails when we are sorry and desolate and afraid of death. It may be because of this that the underlying theme of all her poetry is her insistence upon keeping her own identity inviolate. In *Renascence* it is her personal identity which prevents Infinity from closing in upon her; and in *The Blue-Flag in the Bog* we see that with her death the earth returns to ashes, and Heaven itself is no longer desirable unless she can bring to it some part of the earth with which she identifies herself.

Miss Millay has not made the mistake of many poets who have built ivory with turrets so high that only the stars may be seen, nor yet has she followed those who roam the earth with no place to worship.

Upon a mountain-top she has built a temple which rests upon the earth, and yet is open to the sky; and it is here that

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she worships her twin gods, Love and Beauty. Sometimes one feels that she must suspect that Beauty alone is not enough for the fire of the world has died out and she longs to gather up "her" little gods, and go.

And yet it takes courage to leave, for it is here she learned that Sorrow is too cosmic for weeping, and that it is better to save tears for the little human griefs that do not really matter. From this vantage point, too, she sees that things are never what they seem to be. Truth may in time be proved false, and Beauty falls to dust.

Never does Miss Millay come down to earth, and never does she quite leave it. She is between two worlds and looks down from a breath-taking height into the world of Man and Sorrow; and she looks up into Eternity as she did when in her *Renascence* she felt herself being crushed between the earth and the sky, until at last she cried out:

"Oh God, . . . no dark disguise  
Can e'er hereafter hide from me  
Thy radiant identity."



# *Strife*

## All Finished Now

DOROTHY ZWIER

I SAW some of them when they came; twice I was surprised. I heard them come. In the calm air they made heavy, dull sounds that pounded on the stillness of the night, of the day. Is that they now, coming back? Don't you hear them too? No, I forget. My senses are clouded like stone with yellow moss. I forget.

Each night when I lie down I say, "It's all finished now; they will come no more. Sleep." And each morning I see the sky and watch the valley. I stand alone and say, "They are not coming any more. Today will be unbroken quiet." I pull at the well rope and with each creak I remind myself that the noises won't return nor their faces nor their boots nor their hands. Never again. No more. Even the earth has changed to make me forget. There is no snow, no ice—no frozen, out-stretched hands, no petrified faces to stumble over, to glide over on skis. And I don't go looking any more. It's too far to walk; it's too long now—there wouldn't be much left to find.

I have spoken to no one in two months. The hamlet is high and secluded—but there's no town left down there anyway. Everyone is gone, peace is left. Peace! This is worse than flight, than defense, than death. For at night my own come back; even in the day when I listen hard enough they talk to me. I hear the clapping of little hands, the echo of running feet. The laughter of a baby ripples faint and unceasing in the transparent waters of the brook. From all the

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hillsides I hear voices in the night. My own wander on the stir of whispering pines. They're all around. Hear them? Listen.

When I mind them I put aside the faces of the others. Their eyes. It was they who destroyed our happiness. My husband went to fight for me, for his child, for his country. He was strong and young. There were many of them. We had to put bullets in their backs. One at the base of the neck. Two or three in the spine. They—and we—froze falling. Everyone had a white blanket. It covered much. It even hid the starved, weak body of my child. That was near the lake when for the second time I left my home because there was no home. They took the food and the blankets and burned the house that remained. It was on the line of march.

This was war. This was murder. And I murdered too. I was hungry. I had skied for three days through the forests, near the line, looking, looking, looking. One of their bullets grazed my shoulder. I seized a bayonet from a dead man's body; I sliced the frozen chunks of his fingers to get it. Maybe my husband was doing the same thing. Suppose someone did that to him? I was sick for a long time, I remember. Then I carried a pain in me—for a long while. I felt my heart contract at the thought of closing my child's blue eyes. My hands covered him with snow. I was chased once but I escaped. The planes were worst of all. Their roar sliced the coldness and it was more terrible because the threat of it passed into you and stayed after they had gone.

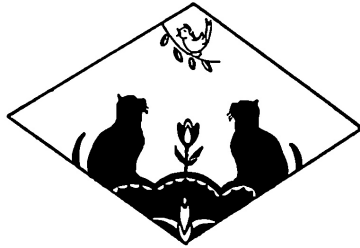
I never saw my husband after that once he kissed me good-morning and good-bye. He hugged the child and me together. It was splendid and sad and final. So final that even now I can't recall the things we used to do. Why can't

## STRIFE

I? There's something there—but I can never visually remember us all together.

I murdered two of the enemy with the bayonet I had stolen; they were sleeping and I stabbed their necks. I took their rations and I stabbed their bodies. I laughed as I glided away. Two more were gone. Yes, I can see that so clearly. I can feel the hands of one of them that tried to pull me down to kill me.

I found Tante's hamlet; where she is? I don't know. I hope I die soon. Something is stopping me from finishing that too. I've planned many ways but my heart is too seared with horror and fright to carry it out. I have been trying to pray but I can say no words to the sky when I stand beneath it, nor no words to the earth when I lie upon it. I listen for the voices of my own; I tell them I did not mean it.



# Ellen Terry

JOAN FALLON

*No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone;  
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard  
grimness.*

*Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,  
Yours still, you mine. Remember all the best  
Of our past moments and forget the rest.  
And so, to where I wait come gently on.*

TRAVELERS who passed by a small, old farmhouse in Smallhythe, Kent, on July 22, 1928, may have wondered at this little poem tacked to the gate. They might have wondered until they were told that Ellen Terry had just passed away and as a last request had asked her friends and relatives to follow the instructions of the little verse above. How well her friends and relatives had heeded this request was made apparent at the simple funeral service held at the Smallhythe church. No person was seen there who had violated the sentiments of the short poem tacked to the gate of the farmhouse, for ordinary summer clothes were universal among the throng of mourners who had come to pay their last respects to a woman who had been loved, respected, and adored for over half of a century as England's greatest actress. Her mourners came from the highest and lowest ranks of society, and all were filled with awe and reverence at the simplicity of the funeral service and the beauty of Ellen Terry in death.

Eighty years before this final act Ellen Terry was born

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at Coventry, February 27, 1848. She was the daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Terry and one of eleven children. Her parents were connected with the stage before her birth and continued to act in the theatre for many years afterward. The ancestry of Ellen Terry is rather obscure, but the fact seems well-established that Benjamin Terry, an actor and son of an inn-keeper in Portsmouth, eloped with Miss Sarah Ballard in a typical whirlwind romance which even included a stern and forbidding father in the person of a Scottish minister.

Ellen Terry played her first part on the stage at the age of eight and never finally quitted it until she was very old. Her first engagement was with the Keans at the Princess's Theatre. After this engagement she went on tour with her parents, enjoyed herself very much, and gained much experience and knowledge of the theatre. After her tour she played for a time in a stock company at Bristol and then went to London. An interesting note on her character can be obtained from an admission she makes in her memoirs:

I was so much ashamed of my large hands during this time at the Royalty that I kept them tucked up under my arms! This subjected me to unmerciful criticism from Madame Albina at rehearsals. "Take down your hands," she would call out. "Mon Dieu! It is like an ugly young poulet going to roost!"

In spite of this I did not lose my elegant habit for many years! I was only broken of it by a friend saying that he supposed I had very ugly hands as I never showed them! That did it! Out came the hands to prove that they were not so ugly after all! Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.



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In 1864 she married G. F. Watts and retired from the stage temporarily. In her memoirs she speaks little of her married life and announces it very plainly and unemotionally by saying:

In the middle of the run of "The American Cousin" I left the stage and married. Mary Meredith was the part, and I played it vilely. I was not quite sixteen years old, too young even to be married in those days, when every one married early.

She returned to the stage in 1866 in an unhappy frame of mind of mind after a separation which proved a cruel experience for one as innocent and tender as she was at that age.

She visited Paris at this time, and here is found another interesting side-light of her character, for in her memoirs she says, "I went to the Madeleine at Easter time, and fainted from ecstasy when the Host was raised."

She went back to the stage at the persuasion of Charles Reade to play a role in "The Wandering Heir" at the New Queen's Theatre. It was while she was playing at the New Queen's Theatre that she received her first great opportunity which came at the hands of Mrs. Bancroft of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mrs. Bancroft offered her the role of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice", and she accepted. Here she says:

. . . never until I appeared in Portia at the Prince of Wales's had I experienced that awestruck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a life-time—the feeling of the conqueror. . . . It was never to be quite the same again.

From the Prince of Wales Theatre after a year, she

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went to the Court Theatre and played there until she joined Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre. For twenty-four years she played at the Lyceum Theatre.

In 1883 she visited America and won a welcome which she again received and enjoyed on eight subsequent occasions.

She went on various tours through the provinces and played in some productions written for her by James M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw.

To attempt to give in detail all the roles played by Ellen Terry would be an impossible task; therefore, a discussion of her most important roles would be more practical.

One of her first roles was Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She tells an amusing story in her memoirs of a disaster that befell her during the run of this play, the disaster coming in the form of a broken toe. It seems that in one part of the play she was supposed to come up through a trap door to give the final speech at the end of the last act. One night as she came up through the trap door, the man in charge of the trap closed it too soon and closed it on her toe. She screamed, and her sister Kate, who was also on the stage, ran to her and stamped on the floor for the man to open the trap again, but he mistook the signal and only closed the trap more tightly. Mrs. Kean, in charge of the production, rushed up to Ellen Terry and whispered she would double her salary if she would finish the play. Her lines ran something like this:

If we shadows have offended (Oh, Katie, Katie!)  
Think but this, and all be mended, (Oh, my toe!)  
That you have but slumbered here,  
While these visions did appear. (I can't, I can't!)  
And this weak and idle theme,

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No more yielding but a dream, (Oh, dear! Oh, dear!)  
Gentles do not reprehend; (A big sob)  
If you pardon, we will mend. (Oh, Mrs. Kean!)

It was her first appearance at the Princess Theatre that caused her to become known as the most talented exponent of juvenile character. In 1863 as Gertrude in "The Little Treasure" she was recognized as an entirely unconventional and very intelligent actress. When she was with Madame de Rhona, she appeared in "Attar-Gull," and as Clementine created a tremendous impression in one scene where she was slowly strangled by a reptile. Her screaming was applauded more than anything else in the play. Clement Scott says of this, "Ellen Terry's maddened shriek rings in my ears yet."

A few of her most famous roles might be listed as Olivia, Beatrice, Margaret, Ophelia, Ellaline, Imogen, and Portia. Perhaps Portia should be put first because it was her rendition of this role that made her, like Byron, famous over night and established her claim as one of the greatest English actresses of her time. In 1922, when she was awarded the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of St. Andrews, she was described by E. V. Lucas with reference to her portrayal of the role. He said, "In her robes, she looked as though her Portia—become venerable, but still lovely, and still with some of the old delicious mischief—had returned to earth."

Olivia is described by Clement Scott as a faultless performance. In one part of the play, when Olivia distributed presents to her little brother and sisters before leaving the house never to return, Ellen Terry created one of the most pathetic moments in the annals of modern art by the deep, choking tones of her voice, the real tears that ran down her cheeks, and by the effort to repress as much as to express.

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The role of Beatrice was always a favorite of Ellen Terry's, and one which she always played to perfection. The keynote of her portrayal was merriment. She played the part of a madcap girl "whose laughter and high spirits are close to tears." Outstanding in her acting of this role was her reading of the famous line "Oh! God, that I were a man! I would (pause) I would eat his heart in the market-place." It was a daring and original reading, yet Ellen Terry gave it all the feeling and passion that the lines called for, and all the skill and true interpretation of a great actress.

As Margaret in "Faust" she gave a performance which could not have been given by an actress who did not possess the depth of feeling, understanding, and intelligence which belonged to Ellen Terry. When Margaret in an agony of shame prayed to the Mater Dolorosa, tears came to the eyes of everyone in the audience as Ellen Terry sobbed the lines:

Oh! holy maiden! thou who knowest sorrow—  
Thou through whose anguished heart the sword has  
pierced—

Incline thy gracious countenance to me,  
My misery is past my tongue to tell.

To Ophelia Ellen Terry gave infinite tenderness, dramatic power, and intensity, and created another great role, but few have had the discernment to give credit to her skillful treatment of this part.

About her performance as Ellaline, Clement Scott says, ". . . few could have imagined who did not hear how truly she [Ellen Terry] could convey the touching accents of a broken heart." Ellen Terry, through deep throat notes broken into sobs, through her struggle with hysteria, through eyes and heart at war with each other, through waving hands,

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through a form crushed with emotion, through a true cry from the heart which startled and touched her listeners, betrayed inspiration in this role which was as true as it was beautiful and completely in accord with well-trained and experienced art. She created such a spell over her audience and drew such sympathy from them that when the final curtain fell on the ringing lines:

They call on me again. Farewell! Farewell!  
I must not stay. I come, sweetheart! I come!

the whole theatre rose to applaud her and the actress was called back four times as the tears streamed from the eyes of every woman in the theatre, a tribute worthy of none but the greatest.

To try to put into words the beauty, fascination, and genius of Ellen Terry is a difficult thing to do because each in its essence is intangible. To try to describe Ellen Terry and give a reason for her fame and for the force that made her a great actress is a still more difficult task for all information comes from books written by people who were under her spell and therefore impotent and incapable of giving a cool, detached, impersonal analysis of her as a woman. From what one may ascertain from photographs of her and from our modern conception of beauty, one cannot say she was a beautiful woman. Therefore, it is to be concluded that there must have been an indescribable quality of charm, beauty, and intelligence in her personality that made her the dynamic figure she was in the theatre and in society.

There are two authorities to quote from in drawing a picture of Ellen Terry; her son, Gordon Craig, and her friend and correspondent, Bernard Shaw. One cannot find her memoirs helpful, for one great and abiding quality of Ellen

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Terry's character was her complete absence of self-consciousness.

Gordon Craig analyzed her as an actress and attributed to her many qualities, those of temperament, impatience, and turbulence. He explained the legend of "the lovable Ellen Terry" by saying that Ellen Terry never practiced what she preached, that she taught forbearance, orderliness, and caution and never followed her own advice. People mistook her doctrines for her and developed the legend of "the lovable Ellen Terry." In reference to this legend Ellen Terry herself said, "... if my friends want to make me out a sweet, gentle, little creature—to suppose me lacking in strength, character, concentration, and practical sound sense, let them. Wearing those jewels under my coat is to me just as good as displaying them."

Craig described her nature as large, and sturdy, and curiously well-balanced, including positive likes and prejudices. He said she had little jealousy, not only because she was above this vice, but because without conceit she was sure of herself. She was extravagant and generous with her money. She could converse intelligently on almost any subject, contrary to the rule of most actors who preferred to hold forth rather than to discuss. She had little compunction about rewriting her lines and always had trouble memorizing parts she did not like, being ever intolerant of "rubbish."

She had two masters, Henry Irving and the public. Henry Irving was her good master and the public her bad master. Of Irving, Craig says, "Ellen Terry, of imagination compact, fired all the reasonability of life into blaze; but neither that nor any other could budge Irving from his purpose, to steer a straight course." At another time Craig says that had anyone in Irving's company shown inspiration, he

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would have been promptly sacked. Ellen Terry showed this inspiration but was clever enough to suppress herself. That her public was a bad master was admitted even by Ellen Terry. She used to say that she liked to make her audience cry and, as tears came easily to her, often began to cry deliberately to make her audience weep.

Her acting, unlike Irving's, was genial and free, and when she spoke Shakespeare's prose "it was as though she but repeated something she had heard at home—something said that morning."

Her genius lay in the fact that she was able to depict power because she was able to enter into existences easily. She was able to fill out the grandeur of characters like Portia, Imogen, Beatrice, and Cordelia because she had power. Hence, she was a great Shakespearean actress because great and powerful roles are found largely in Shakespeare.

Her effects were broad and big, and she was able to spread herself, to take in stage, stalls, pit, and gallery, and to mingle with them. Always, always she came out to them.

Shaw perhaps comes closer than anyone to an accurate summation of the elusive personality of Ellen Terry when he says, "Her combination of beauty with sensitive intelligence was unique: a disguise would have been intolerable. Her instinct was for beauty and for sincerity: she had only to play the part 'straight', as actors say, to transfigure it into something much better than its raw self. But she could take this transfiguration home with her and fascinate her friends with it. She was not the sort of actress who is a genius on the stage and a nobody off it. She could do without the stage both as an artist and a woman."

To make a faithful record of the eventful eighty years that made up the life of Ellen Terry would take a very long

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time and would fill many interesting volumes. Even presenting a word picture of this great person, a feeble effort at best, takes a person of keen insight and one who possesses powers beyond the scope of the average struggling writer. To explain the genius of this actress is perhaps one of those tasks which tempts and frustrates the most earnest because it presents an intangible subject, and one which though inspiring is beyond ordinary comprehension. Suffice it to say that Ellen Terry's beauty, charm, and fame will never fade from the memory of men as long as they are enigma. While adorers worship at her shrine and try to find the reason for their adoration, Ellen Terry will shine forth secure on her throne as one of the greatest actresses the world has ever known.





# *Standing Room Only*

## A Courageous Solution

RUTH FOX

PEOPLE love to read accounts of what goes on behind the gold curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House.

There is some sort of fascination in knowing who is responsible for the amazing coördination of a Metropolitan production, and who is entrusted with the task of sending the chorus out on time, and who keeps Brunnehilde's shield shining. There is a kind of satisfaction in knowing what tenor and what conductor are involved in a feud, and what two prima donnas are not speaking.

But there is an element in a performance that is almost as colorful as the details of production and is seldom considered. It is the audience. Metropolitan audiences are as varied as the Metropolitan repertoire.

Like Gaul, the audience may be divided into three parts: Those who sit below the dress circle; those who sit above the dress-circle; and those who stand. Still paraphrasing Caesar, "of all these the bravest are the standees." He who sits below the dress-circle is prosperous. He who sits above the dress circle is fore-sighted enough to get his ticket weeks in advance, but he who stands is adventurous. He cannot afford the awe-inspiring price of an orchestra seat; he will have none of the equally awe-inspiring altitude of the low-priced seats. So he stands. It is a courageous solution.

An expert standee always observes a few simple, but indispensable rules. Three factors enter into the selection of the perfect standing-room wardrobe. A feminine standee

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should be careful in the choice of a hat. It must be small, and free from any unnecessary veiling or other protuberances, or the usual request regarding annoying hats will be in order the minute the lights dim.

Do not wear an especially festive dress, for you will be sitting on the floor during intermission, and the red and venerable Metropolitan carpet is inclined to be dusty.

Wear whatever pair of shoes would be your choice for a mountain-climbing expedition, or a day at the Fair. You will undoubtedly find the stand gruelling.

But the most important of all rules regards the time of your arrival on the scene. Get there early! However early you arrive, two hundred people will be in line ahead of you, and the maximum number admitted is four hundred. Of course the crucial moment to arrive depends on the opera to be sung. Let us take all our examples from Wagner who is the beloved of the standee. "Lohengrin" and the other early works are the most poorly attended. If you arrive when the doors open (half an hour before curtain time), you will get in easily. "Parsifal," oddly enough, is one of the most "stood for" of all the music dramas. It runs for five hours, and the throng that gathers between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, and fights for the privilege of standing through it, is an excellent indication of New York's musical pulse. The four music dramas of the ring cycle are probably the most popular of all on the whole. This season, they were sung on four successive Saturday nights (popular price night), and a pitifully large number was turned away at each performance. For the Ring and "Parsifal" it is absolutely necessary to get in line at least one hour before curtain time. But the time element is very much dependent on the singers. If Flagstad is singing, add fifteen minutes to

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standing time. If Flagstad and Melchior are singing together, add half an hour. If they are singing together on Saturday night, you had better bring a chair and a few sandwiches, and arrive at five.

It may seem incompatible with human nature, but the weather is no indication of the number which will drape itself around the brown bricks of the House. The most enormous crowd that I have ever seen at a performance turned out on the most bitterly cold evening that I have ever spent between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. But the opera was "Goetterdaemmerung", and the singers were Flagstad and Melchior, and the raging blizzard was just a trivial detail. We standees were a ghostly looking gathering that night, being completely snowed in from head to foot. But we consoled each other with the bright thought that if our feet were frozen they would be less susceptible to fatigue, and we were happy.

There is one opera that terrifies even the professional standee. Naturally, it is "Tristan and Isölde". There is nothing to do if you wish to stand for "Tristan" but set the afternoon aside, bring a chair, and hope for good weather.

Once inside the doors, the question of location arises. In any case, the extreme ends of the horse-shoe are the most comfortable, for they are less crowded, and excitingly near the stage. The expert will take his stand on the right or left hand side of the stage, depending on the opera. For "Parsifal," he would stand on the left, for the important action of the second act is played at the extreme right of the stage. For "Die Walkure" and "Siegfried" he would stand on the right, because Brunnehilde's rock lies on the extreme left. But these are fine points that come with practice.

Is it possible to get in after the maximum four hun-

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dred have been admitted? Possibly. But not ethically. It is absolutely and heart-rendingly impossible to move, persuade, or intimidate the man at the box office to produce another ticket. He is completely heartless. The three men who take tickets at the main entrance will not accept the many bribes that are offered them in low, guarded whispers. But there are two side-entrances that are less crowded through which it may be possible to break by means of a few dollars discreetly presented to the right usher. That is the only way of forcing an entrance, although such is the inexplicable fever that burns in the true members of the league, that one highly ethical standee of my acquaintance once placed himself in the midst of a group of elderly ladies, and walked straight through the door, without benefit of ticket. The next day he gleefully sent a dollar to the Metropolitan Opera fund.

Now that you are in (however you got in), make it a point to stand directly in front of one of the orchestra exits. Often a person leaving early will gallantly present you with his stub. This, of course, holds only for women, who are in a definite minority in the Standing-Room League, and who are naturally singled out to be the recipients of seat-stubs.

Now that the matter of rules is disposed of, shall we transport ourselves in fancy (as the travelogue narrator would say) to Broadway and 39th Street, and see what to expect of a typical Saturday night stand?

The opera will begin at about seven-thirty if it is Wagner's. So you will arrive at six. There is an automat at Broadway and Forty-first Street, where most of the standees go for a quick reënforcement. You will be in line a long time, but you will not be in the least bored, for within five minutes you will be deep in conversation with your neigh-

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bor. There are no barriers in the line. Everyone there has one thing in common, and everyone wants to talk about it. Whether you are standing next to a pale, sad-eye musician who is just back from Bayreuth, or a German waiter who has been saving his tips to hear "Rheingold", you will be wiser after a conversation with him. Sometimes you will find yourself listening enthralled to someone who remembers Lauritz Melchior's début at Covent Gardens. Sometimes you will find yourself telling the story of the Ring, from "Rheingold" to "Goetterdaemmerung" to a little girl who has never heard an opera before.

Finally the line will begin to move, and you will breathe a sigh of relief when you feel your ticket in your hand. Inside you are faced with another wait, but again there is no reason to be bored. You will find that besides being diverting conversationalists, standees are friendly and considerate. You will no sooner be established in your "spot" than someone will be hanging your coat over the rail for you, offering you a score, a libretto, opera glasses, peanuts. . . .

Once the performance begins, your troubles if you have any, are over. It is impossible to think even sub-consciously of aching feet when Parsifal touches Amfortas's wound with the Sacred Spear, when Siegfried forges his sword and sets it hissing magnificently in the water-trough, when Walhalla crashes into the flames of Siegfried's funeral pyre and the new order of life is born amid the ashes of the old.

And when it is over, all three, or four, or five hours of it, you will wish ever so sadly for three, or four, or five hours more. That is the test of a worthy member of the league.

# *You Can Sink or Swim*

No Heartaches

PEGGY CONNOR

I LEFT Jock's wedding cold and miserable. I had watched him marry another woman and still I couldn't believe it. We had been so much in love our last year in college. He had asked me to marry him, but I refused because I thought a position offered me in Hollywood as a script writer more important. Jock didn't have enough money to marry me right away so I told him we would wait a year. We could both work and save, and when we had enough we could marry without any heartaches about money.

And then when I returned six months ago, he told me he was going to be married and to a girl I had known all my life. I couldn't believe it. Not even during all the weeks of preparation for the wedding. But today I saw how real it was. I suppose I shouldn't have gone, but I thought if I did I could believe it. But after, in Tim's car I felt as miserable as ever.

Tim was so sweet too, to take me. He, after all, had loved me a few years ago, but hadn't a chance against Jock. And now he was playing Sir Galahad by taking me into battle. When he stopped the car in front of my house he said as matter of factly, as if he were asking the time, "Mary, will you marry me?"

I looked at him a moment before answering, "Even you couldn't marry a girl on the rebound, Tim." His face clouded up immediately with disappointment, not because I hadn't answered yes, but at what I had said.

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"I'm sorry, Tim," I murmured, "that wasn't kind. You are the best friend I have." Then I smiled and tried to make my next words sound light, "I'll think it over, just the same."

The only way I could think it over, was to talk to my Dad. Ever since Mother had died, he had been my counsel of defense.

"Mary," he told me gently, "your father was in love once before he married your Mother. The woman was very beautiful and very brilliant. But it was her gentleness, which came from her very soul, that captured his heart. It seems like such a small thing, but to a man it is like a precious gem."

"Did Mother know about her?" I broke in.

"Yes, she knew her and loved her too. Your Mother was a fine, wonderful woman. Sometimes I feel I didn't know half of what she was. She never unveiled her generous heart to earthly eyes, but instead she tried to comfort the hurt, the weak, the lost, and that's what she did for me.

"The lovely lady I loved, and I, were seniors in college in 1914, when we met. We had a lovely courtship. Going to picnics and pound parties together, dancing and laughing. We always felt like laughing, Shelia and I. A month before we graduated, I asked her to marry me. She answered wisely, because besides being lovely to look at, she had a good head on her shoulders.

"'Dear,' she asked, 'what are you planning on doing with yourself after graduation? If we get married you will have two mouths to feed instead of one. And right now you can't do even that alone. You spend every bit of your allowance just keeping yourself. What would you do, if

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you had me too? No, I can't answer until you at least have enough to support me.'

" 'Of course you're right,' I told her, 'but I thought we could manage for awhile on what my father sends me. After all it is quite a lot, and I live pretty foolishly I suppose, but I could change that. I'll get a job, and if we love each other, we can manage.'

" 'I'd rather wait,' she said, touching my hand gently with one of hers, 'graduation is a month away yet, maybe something will turn up before then. Who knows?'

"And not long after Small Pox came across the sea from Europe to strike at thousands of unsuspecting victims. I stood by and watched the sick toll up in college, then a letter came from home telling me my father was stricken and my brother already dead. I was struck by the terror of disease and the small number who fought it. I suddenly wanted to do just that.

"The next chance I got I told Shelia. 'I want to be a doctor. It will mean waiting awhile dear, but we can be engaged, and I can study and see you too, because I am going to this graduate school.'

" 'I'm glad of course, that you've found out what you really want to do,' she told me gently as always, 'but I don't believe in long engagements. I'll wait for you, if you make it easy for me.'

" 'That's your answer then,' I said disappointedly.

" 'Not an answer, my dear, just a decision any girl must make. Medical study is long and hard and who knows what time may bring? I can't be tied down and go mad. A girl must have some social life. You too will need some relaxation and when you do, it can be with me. But that won't be all the time. You'll find out what a hard thing



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it is to be a doctor, and how little time you will have for fun. Then you will understand why I couldn't sit home and wait.'

"And so things went pretty much as she said they would. I got more and more involved in my books, and you might say less so with Shelia. She went out with other men, and had a good time, and still as she said, she was ready when I had a free moment, to be with me. We usually spent it talking about the future, and for awhile I thought things were all right. Then one vacation when I came home, she told me she was in love with another boy, and that they were going to be married.

"I couldn't believe she was in love with the man, because besides what we had been to each other, he just wasn't her type. When she told me, I said she didn't love him. But she insisted she did. 'He's the only man I will ever love because he is the only one who understands me, and the only one to whom I could be a good wife.'

"And so I watched her walk down the aisle to marry him. She looked lovely too in her beautiful gown of white satin and silver cloth, veiled with lace and tulle, to me she looked more like an angel. As I stood and watched her say the words I had hoped to hear said to me, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"It was Margaret Wilson, Shelia's best friend."

"Mother," I whispered.

"Yes," he continued. "She had been in Europe and I hadn't seen her since pre-college days, when she used to hang around the baseball field and watch me pitch. After a game, she always asked me to walk home with her because it was late.

"When I looked at her then I remembered how she used

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to chase me in the early days. She was wild too, always doing everything the boys did. None of us liked her, I remembered. I also recalled how her family finally sent her abroad to college, to try to refine her. Well, they had.

"She had lovely chestnut hair piled high in a bouffant pompadour, and was wearing a dress of white satin and tulle. She smiled at me and said, 'Bill, you haven't changed a bit. You've always loved Shelia and probably always will.'

" 'You've changed, Margaret. Why I'd hardly know you. That is—except for your quick tongue.'

" 'Never mind,' she retorted, 'a good sound thrashing is what you need. The idea of acting so glum just because you lost.'

" 'Do be quiet and go away,' I said tiredly.

" 'I intend to and I'm taking you with me. Come on! Let's go outside and cool off. I hate drawing room weddings, they're too stiff. I want to relax and you are going to be my company.'

"I protested, but somehow she got her way. We walked across the wide lawns that flanked Shelia's house, and down to a cool stream that ran at the edge of the property. Margaret laid down in that lovely dress and remarked, 'Ah! this is more like it.' And then she looked at me soberly and said, 'Bill, tell me about yourself, and your work. I heard about your studying and I think it's wonderful.'

"Well I spent two hours there telling her all about myself—even Shelia. I knew I never had had a more devoted audience.

"In the clear depths of her violet eyes, I saw love so plainly, I could almost reach in and pick it out. I wanted to, because it wasn't right for it to be there. She knew how

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I felt about Shelia, and even though she loved me she should have hidden it. But that wasn't like Margaret.

"To make her understand how I felt, I told her I planned to go on after I had my doctor's degree and do research. 'Up to now,' I said, 'I was working for Shelia, but now I am going to work for humanity. I'll never marry because the girl I loved, got married. Work is the only cure now.'

" 'That's where you're wrong,' she said quickly, 'I'm here and you might as well know it, I love you!'

"She was honest and straightforward about it, as she was in everything else. I rather flinched at her frankness and she saw it.

" 'Never mind now,' she added, 'you can have all the time you want but when you're sick of microbes, I'll be waiting for you.' Then as an afterthought, 'I make delicious apple pie.'

"That's about the only compliment she ever gave herself and I knew her thirty years. She kept after me for four years after Shelia got married, but I held out because I believed a man only loved once. I never believed Shelia loved the man she married, but that she was as much in pain as I was and would die of a broken heart just as I thought I was dying.

"One night then, a few years later, after I had established a practice in town, as a baby specialist, I received a call. It was Shelia. She had heard of my reputation and now that her baby was sick, she needed my help. Would I come? Lord, knows I didn't want to, but somehow I was anxious to see how unhappy she was, so I went.

"The house she lived in was her house through and through. She looked almost the same, maybe a little older,

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but just as gentle when she greeted me, as when we were in college. She took me to the sick child, a little boy, with her hair and eyes. I asked her to leave the room while I examined him. He had pneumonia and a high temperature and I felt she might excite him by her presence. While I had the thermometer in his mouth, and waited for his temperature, I heard Shelia's voice. 'Harry darling, please, you must get some rest. Jackie will be all right. Please dear.'

"Gentle words as only she could say them. She was always kind to everyone, but not to me, whom she needed. She did need me. And at last she had sent for me. There were loads of doctors, but she sent for me, because her heart told her to. If only I could talk to her, maybe . . . but I didn't finish the thought. I heard her voice.

"'He's a new doctor, dear. I couldn't get the other specialist, so I took a chance on this one. Tomorrow we will get Dr. Stevens in again but I didn't want to take any chances. You were so worried, I hoped to ease your mind.'

"I finished the examination quickly. She didn't need me at all. It was just a case of my being in, when the other specialist was out. I called her out of that room, his and her room, and gave her my report. Then she spoke softly to me, 'Thank you for coming, Bill. Harry was so worried that I was nearly frantic that he too might get ill. Send us a bill on the first.'

"Cool, impersonal, it all was. She had been right then. She did love him. It was I who had been wrong. Even Margaret Wilson knew that, and still she let me find it out myself. Well she said she would be waiting if I ever tired of microbes! Well I was tired. Very tired of carrying a heavy heart for so long, because I had been in love with an ideal,

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a memory, instead of with your mother and a reality, as I should have been."

"And did you really learn to love mother after all?"

"Not all of her, because each day she kept revealing more and more of herself to me, so that I was never quite satisfied. What I admired and loved about her, was her marrying me and showing me how to love her. I was her problem and she solved it, because for a woman no obstacle is so great that she can't melt it down and shape it for her destiny."

"Do you really believe that," I asked amazed.

For an answer he handed me his watch. "Open the back," he commanded. Inside was a picture of a beautiful lady. She wasn't my Mother. She was just something beautiful on the outside. But even I could see she wasn't Margaret Wilson on the inside. She was like Jock, she couldn't wait. But my mother had waited. "Maybe someone will wait like that for me," I said at last.

"I'm sure they will, Mary, only don't make the time too long, as I did. You can either give up, and never win, or start out fresh and be a conqueror like Margaret Wilson!"



# *Revenge Will Be Sweet*

## **Clothes Make the Woman**

SUE SHERWOOD

**D**ID you ever stop to think of the power the petite creatures behind the store counters hold? I'll wager old Nero would have given three strings of his favorite fiddle to rule people the way they do. Fat ones, tall ones, short ones, lean ones—men, women, children—all—obey the soft, dulcet cooing of these super-salesmen of today. For instance, take the slim, dark clerk in the hat department of Twiddle, Funk & Twiddle, Inc. She chats gaily as she places "Lulu's" latest creation on your curly locks. And, we add with emphasis, it is a lulu! A wee bit of straw clapped drunkenly over your right eye, a cluster of red answering to cherries but looking more like cucumbers tickles your left eyebrow, and, as if that were not enough, a rakish red bow arches coquettishly over the top of your head ending in a dramatic ripple at your shoulders. You feel a bit dizzy. But softly at your ear croons her encouraging voice, "Ah, madame, is it not chic? Is it not stunning? Such color, such style, and how beautifully these cherries suit your Grecian profile!"

You flush, you preen, you take a sly peep in the mirror. Yes, it is rather a nice side view—funny you've never noticed your nose before. You pick up the hand mirror, and slowly turning about eye it with the studied expression of a connoisseur. Chic? Stunning? Mmmmmmmmm. Out comes her tout de force, "It is from Paris—what they are wearing at the resorts this season—and, madame, it is just your type!"

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Proudly you lift your head. Just your type? The resorts? Ah, yes! And before you know it, you are hustled into the bright outdoors, hat careening wildly over your eyes, and feeling like a member of the international set at Biarritz.

When you reach home you are still in your golden haze. Majestically you throw open the front door and sweep in, startling the quiet family gathering into the spirit of an air raid. Their strained expressions, although eloquent interpreters of the intense emotion going on within, do not affect you. Cheerily you turn this way and that. With an emphatic nod of the head, which shoots the cherries dangerously near the tip of your nose, you cry, "Isn't it *stunning*?" And at that all Hades breaks loose. An avalanche of words as swift as the Munich putsch, as devastating as the Russo-Finnish invasion, and as discouraging as rain on the morning of that big picnic you've planned—falls on your unwitting head. You are left a battered, defeated woman in the midst of a new season—*without* a bonnet!

Many is the time I've longed to change places with those smooth-talking peddlers of merchandise, to shower upon them polite, stylized falsehoods. One afternoon, after I had narrowly escaped buying a vile chartreuse bathing suit and was dwelling upon the subject with unusually strong feeling, this thought suddenly came to me. Why couldn't one calmly eliminate one's feminine enemies by simply being a clerk and dressing them in monstrosities? Everyone knows that woman's weakness is clothes. And if she loves them so much, why couldn't she be coaxed with honeyed flattery into a trap of hideous, unbecoming attire? And everyone knows what an unbecomingly dressed woman goes through in this day and age!

So why not? The thought was dramatic; it held me

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in its sway. "Revenge is never sweet," an old pastor once told his congregation. Those words came back to me. And simultaneously, "*Make* revenge sweet, not only sweet but fun!" ran in banner headlines through my brain. Yes, that was it; make it fun and it would be sweet. I felt like some new crusader for better living. Hear ye! Hear ye! No more murders, no more drownings; henceforth revenge shall be sweet!

Instead of weeping at the cruelty of one's amazon rival, squeeze her with dripping accents into a size 14—striped gaily all around, and see how soon she bites the dust.

And for the nosey little creature who is always bobbing up at undesirable times, suggest a new hair-do—a curl pulled here, rearranged there, until she is all nose, nose, nose! It may not change her manner, but one at least will know when she is coming.

Then there's the long, lean, dark type with slinky hair, and slinky eyes, and oh so very thin! A narrow, black crepe affair, sophistication plus, is slipped over her unsuspecting head. She is told it is a copy of the Duchess of Alban's newest gown. And although she resembles closely an untwisted licorice stick, she takes it and proudly saunters out.

What about the redhead? She is made practically harmless in scarlet or orange.

And as for hats—they open an almost limitless field. Haven't you seen a really beautiful girl made ridiculous by an unbecoming chapeau?

The men come in for their share, too, with double breasted jackets, single ones, belted backs, and pointed shoes.

It reminds me of the Borgias, those exotic women so deadly with their revenge. Their poison was famous—and effective; true, but I can't help feeling sorry for them. Think of all the fun they missed!



# *Jitterbug*

Until Next Time

GRACE LUND

**B**OBBIE sank to her bed and relaxed the muscles of her shoulders so that she drooped like a puppet. It was a fine way to feel, half an hour before her party, she reproached herself. But then—she couldn't help it. She was tremendously tired. Her body was so tired that its weariness seemed to penetrate her soul. As for her heart . . . But no! She automatically smiled an especially charming smile to cheer herself. She told herself that the bothersome pain in her side might be from indigestion, but knew immediately that dinner was too long ago to be disturbing her now.

She heard the bathroom door click open as a prologue to Joyce's entrance and she pulled herself to a sitting position, pretending to have been engaged in drawing a ribbon through its broken tunnel of lace in her slip. Joyce was Bobbie's house guest. There was no use worrying her.

"Well, here I am, all sweet and clean, just like a rose!" Joyce came in and began rummaging in the depths of her suitcase. "Dear, dear. I must have left the Scarab ruby at home. What a pity! Sir William will never forgive me!"

Bobbie managed a laugh. Joyce really was a riot when she got started.

"Alas!" She must say something so that Joyce wouldn't be disturbed. "Must you wear the nawsty paste imitation?"

"What must be, must be!" Joyce's voice sounded vague and far away with her dress descending over her head. Bobbie went to the closet and pulled her own dress from its

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hanger. The pain had gone away. She would ask Joyce about heart trouble. Joyce had had a weak heart ever since she had had pneumonia when she was twelve and that was almost six years ago. That was why Joyce couldn't dance. Well, she could dance, but none of the dances that mattered like the shag or the Big Apple. Joyce missed a lot of fun.

"Tell me, are you fancy-free tonight?" Joyce mumbled at Bobbie through a mouthful of hairpins.

Bobbie hesitated a moment. She would love to tell Joyce about Roger—but everything about Roger was so uncertain. She wasn't even sure he would come. She had only seen him once but that once had been long enough for her to make up her mind. But maybe he felt differently. Better wait to make sure.

"No ties, positively. Take your pick, no reservations."

"H'm." Joyce tried to look like a vampire. "Sounds like bank night!"

"You're wasting your charms on the desert air up here," Bobbie set down the atomizer. "Shall we descend and await the gentlemen?"

"Lead me to them!" They raced down the stairs.

"Alas, no one has arrived!" Bobbie surveyed the empty living room, pleased to see the daffodils brighten a dark corner. No fire tonight.

"Ah! A chance to catch my breath!" Joyce flopped to the couch. Joyce was always catching her breath. Bobbie wondered if she would be like that. She sat down at the piano and began arranging the music, relegating the sober-covered classical pieces to temporary oblivion.

"Play something," Joyce looked languorously over her shoulder and lifted an eyebrow in what she hoped was a Cleopatra manner. Bobbie smiled. Maybe she could be lazy

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and easy-going and still not lose much. She frowned. She would be! Well, after tonight. Tonight she had to interest Roger. Just for tonight she would be a jitterbug. The thought made her feel much better and she struck a chord on the piano. She need not tell Joyce. Everything was going to be all right.

"What does your ladyship desire?" She looked at Joyce who had her eyes closed.

"Something soft and sweet. Something to put me in a mood."

Bobbie began her burlesque playing. She sang most of the time and only inserted chords when necessary.

"Hold tight! Hold tight! Hold tight!" She harmonized in her low, breathless voice that was hardly singing at all. Joyce sat beside her and giggled at Bobbie's antics, joining in the chorus.

The guests began to arrive. Bobbie had not told anyone about Roger—about the way she felt about Roger—so they couldn't tease her, thank goodness. There were six girls and six boys—she hoped all the boys would show up. It would be an overwhelming failure to have more girls than boys at a party. Her doom seemed to be sealed when Marion and Louise both came with Jack Dubois, and she did not breathe easily until one of the boys appeared without a girl, thus evening up the couples.

Now Roger was at the door.

You don't look at all horrible, she smiled nervously into the hall mirror as she passed. Boys never notice how you look, anyway, after the first time. Pete would never have noticed if she had gone out with him in blackface—unless it had gotten on his collar. Pete had a one-track mind.

Fine thing, to be thinking of your past and future

## JITTERBUG

simultaneously. But that was life. Boys were like nail polish. Off with the old and on with the new. She took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Welcome to Shangri La"; she indicated with a sweeping gesture that he should enter. He grinned at her and she swallowed hard. He looked really divine in tweeds. The Tyrone Power type. She smiled at him and took his coat. He certainly had cute eyebrows. Very black and tilted at the ends unexpectedly.

"How comes Flat Foot Floogie?" He hesitated a moment in the hall.

"Floogie is dead, poor thing, poor thing." She nodded her head sadly.

"Alas, what done it?" He leaned against the stair railing.

She was glad he liked to fool like this. Maybe that was why she liked him so much. Naturally, then, it would follow that he liked her. Be still, my fluttering heart, she quoted to herself mechanically. Then she bit her lip. Don't bother about being still, just don't make me lose my reputation tonight. Her side didn't hurt so much now—just enough to make her remember.

"Well, don't keep it a secret. What killed Floogie?" Roger was staring at her. She was glad she had put cream mascara on her lashes. Sometimes the other stuff flaked.

"St. Vitus Dance, no less, m'lord." She led him into the living room.

"The radio is lousy tonight," Martha shouted from where she was trying the endurance and variation of that instrument.

"Not Bobbie, though," Roger took her arm and a hot chill sparked through her. "Play for us, will you, Bobbie?"

## THE QUARTERLY

"Well . . ." Bobbie cast her eyes demurely downward. She even liked the smell of Roger's hair tonic and usually she hated hair tonic.

"Pray, let me be your inspiration," Roger pushed her to the piano bench and sat down beside her.

Bobbie looked at his eyebrows and began on a straight piece. The others paired off and started to dance.

It was nice having Roger beside her. She glowed inwardly and hoped it was not obvious. She felt as happy as a cat full of cream. Her whole being seemed to melt in an enormous internal smile. The pain had almost completely gone away, but why think of that?

"Get hot, Bobbie!" The kids were tired of dancing.

"What about that Freshman Pledge Dance you made up?" Larry suggested.

Bobbie decided that Larry was no less than a cannibal. She would be a rag after that dance. But Roger was a jitterbug; he would appreciate it. Larry was a nice cannibal. She began the satirical dance, singing her own accompaniment.

The others roared, laughing the way they always did. She looked at Roger. He was standing beside Joyce, laughing with the rest. They crowded around Bobbie when she had finished.

"More! More!" The kids were really bloodthirsty tonight. She got up and bowed, caricaturing a prima donna.

"My deah, deah public!" She kissed her hands and threw an imaginary bouquet.

Jack pretended to catch it. "Now I am your slave." He led her to the piano. "Play some more!"

She sat down and began "Flat Foot Floogie" in a manner that indicated her hands were the Flat Feet. She had always enjoyed playing—except tonight. The pain had been

## JITTERBUG

growing on her for a long time. It will go away, you fool, she told herself. After all, tonight is the last night.

She played more and the gang danced and then they turned on the radio and she danced with Roger and then she did her imitation of Percy Grainger learning Chopsticks and then she did her Two Left Feet Learning a Spring Dance.

The last left her really exhausted. The pain became sharper. It felt as if something at once sharp and blunt—a closed scissors perhaps—were stabbing. No more for tonight, she promised herself, then grimaced when she thought she was becoming as quiet as Joyce. She had not noticed Joyce doing much dancing all evening, but Joyce seemed to be having a wonderful time. Bobbie led the way to the dining room, holding her hand away from her side.

She smiled at everyone benignly as she poured out the drinks. Life was going to be swell. No more rough house after tonight. Roger was as good as hers, right now. H'm. Where was Roger? Very gallantly entertaining a wall flower, she assured herself. As soon as she had finished serving, she left the table to investigate.

Not in the living room. Not in the hall.

She felt the clammy pain of disillusionment on her back. Had Roger become bored and left? Left, just like that?

Immediately she needed a drink of water. Nice, cold, tasteless, undeceiving water. It pretended to be no more than it was. Colorless. The way she would be if she ever began taking life easy.

She heard voices in the kitchen: A tete-a-tete, no doubt. Martha and Bill, she decided. But that wasn't Martha's voice. She listened.

"Listen, my jitterbug friend," it was Joyce speaking! "You don't mean that. Bobbie is more your type."

## THE QUARTERLY

Bobbie stood still and glowed a little with some vague recognition of praise.

"Don't be silly," it was Roger. "I can't take more than half an hour of jitterbugs in one dose. She wears me out! I'm practically exhausted now, from just watching her!"

She heard Joyce laugh. Then Bobbie's feet carried her, undirected, to the living room.

She had not taken it easy soon enough. Roger had fallen for Joyce. Joyce. But how could she tell that Roger was the quiet type? Michael was approaching her. She summoned a smile.

"Don't be so pained to see me," he held out a glass to her. "I'm not that hard to look at, am I?"

"Foolish!" She drank the glassful without pausing. Her mouth seemed dryer than before.

"Hey," Michael looked down at her. "There's going to be a real jam session at the Jitter Club next Friday. Benny Goodman! Benny Goodman! Want to go?"

"Benny Goodman!" Just one more night, then she would slow down. "Try to keep me away."



# No Robbery

Fair Exchange

MARILYN BROPHY

**T**HIS department is written with a purpose, brief and unpretentious as it must be—to help keep the spark of enthusiasm for student literary creation alive—to give and receive bits of criticism which in the long run are simply, honestly and humanly bestowed and accepted.

We are young and full of pleasant enthusiasms. We try to like "the best of everything". Criticism is the way by which we climb, by which we learn, and by which we become an example to others!

*The St. Bonaventure Laurel* of St. Bonaventure College, New York, April 1940, bids first claim to our correspondence this time.

*To the Editor,*

MR. EDWARD R. M'CARTHY

Dear Sir,

At first glance we are almost taken back by your combination of E. E. Cumming's streamlined lettering and the pigskin parade effect of the cover. But no matter, the content provides immediate compensation; it is fresh and alert, witty and alive to the newest! Our interest is seized and retained by your fine variety, choice and treatment of subject. That certain dash of collegiate informality displayed by your illustrations demand attention! Accounting for its comparative brevity, is the fact that your publication appears eight times a year.

Your own editorial we find amusing, not to say the least,



## THE QUARTERLY

and we're afraid we too must climb into the back seat, ride back to the old school with its lavender and lace and lament with you—the "leaping" ladies of 1940.

That article by James Healy entitled "Brothers of the Palette," arouses our aesthetic sympathies. Students of art will find the comparison between Sauzio's "La Belle Jardiniere", and Picasso's "Girl with the Cock" worthwhile. The author writes like a painter with word pictures.

In "The Tie that Binds," a spirited and informative commentary by Mr. Edward Horey—we are thoroughly enlightened as to our current cash and carry policy versus Isolation tactics—Mr. Horey's arguments are straight-forward and he is inclined to be prejudiced. But what good American isn't today?

We relished Mr. Julian Breitenstein's careful analysis called "Friend or Fiend"—dealing with the question "Have the Inventions of Science harmed man more than they have bettered him?" This essay rather encourages the anxious reader and dispels his fears when he learns that—"The machine did not enslave mankind."

We note a personal vision and spectral coloration added to an account of "forest fire control." The writer enumerates in an engrossing manner the causes of these fires and means of prevention. His article is descriptively titled "Scarlet In the Sky".

The free verse poem by James Healy "And with its coming" has that been *done before* effect upon us. The author has probably read Wordsworth—and now aspires to the opposite extreme. It sounds young and bitter.

The distinctive merits of the *Laurel* lie on the surface (incidentally, not of the cover). The editor and other contributors are quick to see what is likely to attract—they

## EXCHANGE

furnish us with highly interesting accounts of immediate interest. We'll be looking for you in the fall.

Sincerely,

NEW ROCHELLE QUARTERLY

*The Mount Mary Quarterly*, Spring 1940, comes to us from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Our next letter therefore, goes west.

*To the Editors*

MISS CLARISSA LAUCELLE AND MISS LORETTA STICH

Dear Mesdemoiselles,

Your last publication of eighty pages is imbued with the Catholic spirit and a fine, simple sincerity. Great!—but confidentially, the range and scope of the entire magazine is a bit disappointing! Here and there you showed marked ingenuity—but a let-down always follows.

A latent spark, however, is conceived in Clarissa Laucelle's story "Renaissance". The author deals dramatically with our Lord's crucifixion in the world today. Profound suggestiveness overshadows the plot—there is atmosphere in lavish detail. Probably the best thing in the issue.

Here is a suggestion concerning the verse of your magazine—"more quality—less quantity". Out of nine poems we like "Pottage" by Loretta Stich, and Clarissa Laucelle's colorful imagery in "My Love" is very fine. "Creator's Dream" by Jean Edwards has loveliness in its simple verse and thought content.

By now nobody in the world can doubt that "The Spanish war was not a civil war—but the invasion of a peaceful democracy by Hitler and Mussolini." Your editorial sets adrift on this subject, hits and misses the primary end of editorials—you express no policy or opinion of your

## THE QUARTERLY

own. Where are we if we do doubt the issue? "The problem is great!"—At any rate, it's food for thought.

In its aspect, the *Mount Mary Quarterly* is pleasing and this criticism is only meant to be helpful.

Sincerely,

NEW ROCHELLE QUARTERLY

*To the Editor of Manhattan Quarterly*, Spring 1940 of  
Manhattan College, New York,  
MR. JOHN G. KEATING

Dear Sir,

The constant high seriousness and imperious pressure of your intellectual endeavors leave us low and dry. Your contributors were, no doubt, teathed, let us say, on a gilt pen. Your keen-edged intelligence is occupied too much with theories of government, science and the like speculations! A hard-headed masculine power, yes—but we definitely miss in them any flowing imagination or humor.

The articles "Herman Melville As A Poet," "An International Situation," "MacLeish, Poet and Librarian," "American Letters and Spain"—and "Acid! Acid!", are all well written with scholarly discrimination, style, and technique. They show a kind of energy and highly trained intelligence, but we are practically slayed in the momentum of their terrific earnestness. What you need is some of the "milk of human kindness". Why you haven't even an editorial to awaken our interest. Your writers contribute nothing of themselves and their work lacks simplicity and restraint.

Of your poetry "Transubstantiation and the Word was God" by Joseph Schonborn, has strength and suggestiveness—a certain bracing religious invigoration. In "Vagabond"

## EXCHANGE

by Michael J. Eby we can hear and see the rippling river in its course down to the sea. Admirable work, Mr. Eby!

Although this last edition contains only forty pages, we still maintain that they could be enlivened with a dash of flavoring. More power to your high literary qualities next fall.

Sincerely,

NEW ROCHELLE QUARTERLY

*To the Editor of the Chimes*, Spring 1940

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame

MISS MADELON BURCHAM

Dear Mademoiselle,

Once we acquire the taste for good college literature it is quite easy to recognize and classify a publication with one broad inspection. We are glad to say that in your *Chimes* we hear the ring and tingle of efficient mechanism. Upon turning its large, flexible covering, we notice a well balanced arrangement in the contents. Your magazine has a confident finish and smoothness that we admire. The stories and articles are fresh, lucid, and direct in style; the facts and interpretations presented are wholesome with highly diverting overtones.

Our own opinion of Mortimer J. Adler happily tallies with that of Miss Betty Edgell. In her informal essay "We Think" we didn't even notice the factual information which Miss Edgell has blended into a charming tribute to the "man who makes us think."

In an excellent sketch entitled "The Professional Widow", Miss Virginia Drivorer becomes a shrewd interpreter of "one of the most amazing characters, that the brain of man has ever conceived"—namely, Chaucer's, wife of Bath. She has drawn her with phenomenal truth and

## THE QUARTERLY

vividness. The conclusion is especially significant. "She is a living testament of the inadequacy of the world alone!"

Lamenting the educational system in this confused age, Miss Mary Elizabeth Dunlap, asserts that "It has lost sight of the primary aim to fit children for life." She suggests that many of the problems of the present day could be solved by going back to the great masters and applying the timeless principles to the problems at hand. We are inclined to believe that the title "Radical Remedy" is suitable!

That shining tribute to Mother Eleanore is appreciated even by those who never knew her. The poem following—called "The Last Home"—by the good Mother, written before her death is penetrating.

"A Thing of Beauty" by Marie Ziebarth about "beauty and the beast and ambition on a farm" is a realistic narrative with plenty of variation.

Your editorials are mere snatches, but they have variety. "Sealing Wax" in which you talk of many things could well be overlooked.

Sincerely,

NEW ROCHELLE QUARTERLY

On the whole, nothing could be more stimulating than corresponding with St. Bonaventure, Mount Mary, Manhattan and St. Mary's Colleges. These letters are respectfully submitted in the best interest and we trust they will be accepted with enthusiasm.

Best wishes to all you troopers for a long and restful summer vacation.

P.S. Many thanks for exchanging with us.

# The Quarterly

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## *Apologia of the Senior Class*

Shall we leave Parmenides and Heracleitus to their pet opinions on "this changing world" and let Bergson fight on the question of time with Xeno, fortified with a tortoise?

We seniors, superficially, may have been rejuvenated by college life, may have undergone a metamorphosis from "droop" to "smoothie"; some of us may have been calmed by scholarly discipline so that our families can now live with us. All of us have been rejuvenated, not only externally, not only veneered with a *college education*, that thin sheen that a "cold, cold world" can crack so easily.

For the culture—the word only is ambiguous—of the College of New Rochelle is far removed from the shellac of the average institution. We as seniors feel that there is a heritage, and that we have been allowed to live in and by that heritage for four years.

Book learning in the sophomoric sense is not the important thing. Rather . . . the habit of understanding is what education should give us. And here at New Rochelle is laid the bases for understanding. Having understood, we have learned.

Wisdom, then, is knowledge with understanding; neither complete without the other. Wisdom can come only from a basis of first principles. We have found such broad-based foundations.

And it is for this reason that we shall remember the College of New Rochelle throughout the remainder of our lives.

THE SENIORS

## —And If You're Reading

*The Art of Living.* By ANDRE MAUROIS. Translated from the French by James Whitall.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, N. Y. 1940.

This is an urbane book, direct, written in an easily flowing style, not too profound. It is a Frenchman's work, liberally peppered with references to French men and women of letters.

Mr. Maurois views life from the aspects of the arts of loving, marrying, enjoying family life and friendship, of thinking, working, growing old, and of being happy. He accepts Bacon's definition that "Art is man added to nature" and proceeds in a wordly manner to discuss the love of man and woman, emotional adjustments, confidences, the charity and humility which make for a successful relationship. Maurois considers the transfer of fugitive desire into lasting emotion as the basis of marriage. Again he takes the practical, rather materialistic viewpoint concerning the question of how marriage can be a success. The note of sacrifice which is the essential basis of love is strangely, painfully missing. The only familiar and really important fact noted in the connection of creating marriage a work of art is "The Catholic Church teaches that the marriage sacrament is based on an undertaking by both parties and not merely on the priest's blessing, and this is an excellent way to put it."

The author's observations and treatment of family life are amusing if anything. It strikes the universal situations in all families; it touches the "only child" dilemma and points out the dullness of family life without the influence of religion and the arts.

The material is better chosen in the art of friendship.



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I felt the succeeding chapter containing his discussion of thinking was lacking in development although he took a simple division of active and theoretical thinking. The remainder of the book is in the same vein of urbanity. The substantiating illustrations used seem so ordinary that they are devoid of any after-image appeal. Despite the amount of good material in the book, its quiet, easy style, reading it as a whole results in a gentle weariness.

DOROTHY ZWIER

*Iceland—The First American Republic.* By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, N. Y. 1939, 275 pp.

There are certain callings whose followers seem to be set apart from the rest of humanity. Forsooth their work is a remote but vital part of the development of the human race. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in the general march toward a more complete civilization, fully deserves the title, "god-father" for most of Iceland's personal, cultural, and commercial relations in America.

Iceland, outpost of the western hemisphere, has much to say to the world and much to teach. Stefansson's account of the serene little country in the North Atlantic, is a work that does honor to the well known author, to his old and fascinating homeland and to the American publisher. How interesting? . . . The readers will have to decide for themselves.

Reliable information based upon reports from various departments of the Icelandic government is contained in chapters treating of its History, Literature, Education, Medical Services, Agriculture, Industries, Commerce, Com-

munication, Iceland for Tourists, and Iceland in the Americas. The author, himself an American of Icelandic descent, undertakes to prove that Iceland geographically belongs to America rather than to Europe.

In his attack of our modern prejudices about a North penetrable only by heroes, Mr. Stefansson will be regarded as "The Great Interpreter of the North." In the words of a native, "Iceland is the fairest country the sun shines on." It has never been a land of "milk and honey", however. Its people came because they were adventurous, because they wanted their own land, because they were not afraid to work.

Once again the great explorer has embarked upon a venture for which he has long been preparing. His picture of Icelandic life, today and yesterday, is in a large part responsible for what the rest of the world thinks about the people and far land of the North.

MARILYN BROPHY

*Freedom Under God.* By FULTON J. SHEEN.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., MILWAUKEE. 1940.

With his customary skill, Fulton J. Sheen examines the ills of the modern world, gives his diagnosis, and recommends appropriate treatment. He shows how Liberalism and the collectivism to which it inevitably led have both erred in their concept of man—one ignoring his personal significance, the other his social aspects. Liberty, according to Msgr. Sheen, "is born of the recognition of personal rights, and flourishes in the recognition of social responsibilities."

Following the example of the great social encyclicals,

## THE QUARTERLY

*Freedom Under God* condemns rugged individualism and totalitarianism alike. The solution, too, is derived from the encyclicals—the program of Christian social action, which would end class hatred and safeguard the innate human worth of every individual.

To the Catholic, *Freedom Under God* presents the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with basic ethical principles, applying them to the present social situation. For the non-Catholic, it provides an absolute, unchanging norm—a firm standard for conduct in an otherwise wavering world.

MARY E. GILLEN

*Since Yesterday.* By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN.

HARPERS & BROTHERS, N. Y. 1940, 346 pp.

The era of the nineteen-thirties is re-lived by each and every reader of Frederick L. Allen's latest book, *Since Yesterday*. Contemporary history is like a dark sky lighted time and again with brilliant flashes of events.

It is a story of yesterdays in America, of life from September 3, 1929 to exactly the same day ten years later. The printed form of original news articles appear to permeate the retelling of the Panic of 1929, the black depression which followed, the New Deal activity, Technocracy, the Reform schedule, the second campaign and election of President Roosevelt, the Supreme Court issue, and all along the sequence of events right up to the declaration of the second World War. The account is absorbing.

Perhaps not so absorbing but nevertheless as entertaining is the reiteration of such news features as the Lindbergh Kidnapping Case, Dillinger, Dewey, Huey Long, and

## THE QUARTERLY

the Dionne Quintuplets. Best sellers, women's clothes, free-wheeling, miniature golf, and talking pictures all bear a mark in the history of contemporary events as recorded by Mr. Allen.

The facts are well presented and the statistics in connection with them are not overdone. The author cleverly takes advantage of stirring moments and achieves fine dramatic effects in the presentation of them.

Mr. Allen is a fine workman as well as a reliable historian. He writes of a chaotic world without himself ever becoming complicated or ruffled. The flow of his words is direct and attractive. *Since Yesterday* is a political, economical and social revelation of the past decade.

CLARA RISOLI

## THE SUBLIME SHEPHERDESS

*The Life of St. Bernadette of Lourdes.* By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES.

"The Sublime Shepherdess" is a unique combination of the "New Biography" and a collection of impressions which appear to have been received by a contemporary of Sister Marie Bernard Soubirous, or Saint Bernadette. At any rate, the reader is not bored by a factual account of a great person. He is allowed to assemble the more or less proper chronological order in his own mind. In this respect, Mrs. Keyes has achieved what all biographers of the new school seek to achieve—a purely impressionistic view of a person, rather disjointed, which integrates itself.

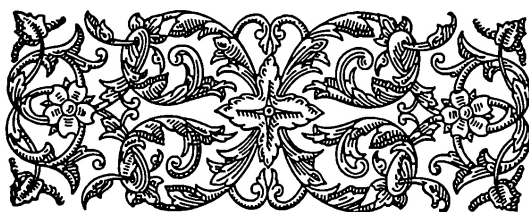
The reader will find a story that has tremendous emotional appeal—one that paints a charmingly quaint picture of a faith so complete that it brought peace, comfort, and

## THE QUARTERLY

tranquillity to a courageous soul; one which had developed in difficult circumstances. The picture is clear and powerful. So much so, that it quiets and soothes the reader and provides a release from the immediate cares of the world. However, it soothes one to such an extent that there is no room to feel anything but a rather annoying surprise that any extraordinary notice was taken of Bernadette beyond that which would be due any gentle, well-loved personage who was a comfort to those about her.

"The Sublime Shepherdess" will be found to be an enjoyable vehicle of release, but it will not serve any other purpose. As biography it has the right instincts but lacks completeness. As literature it is poor.

SUE SHERWOOD



THE QUARTERLY

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PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY

Reverend C. M. Winters, *Ethics of Christianity*. A handbook of ethics prepared for the use of Newman Clubs and Adult Discussion Groups.



## THE QUARTERLY

# Suggested Summer Reading

### Biography:

- Blanton, Margaret Gray—Bernadette of Lourdes. N. Y., Longmans Green. 1939.  
Chase, Mary Ellen—A Goodly Fellowship. N. Y., Macmillan. 1939.  
Day, Dorothy—House of Hospitality. N. Y., Sheed and Ward. 1939.  
Phelps, William Lyon—Autobiography with Letters. N. Y., Oxford U. Press. 1939.  
Saint Exupery, Antoine de—Wind, Sand and Stars. N. Y., Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939.  
Sandburg, Carl. Abraham Lincoln, the War Years. N. Y., Harcourt, Brace. 1939.

### Fiction:

- Fuller, Iola—The Loon Feather. N. Y., Harcourt, Brace. 1940.  
Jordan, Elizabeth—First Port of Call—N. Y., Appleton, Century. 1940.  
Nathan, Robert—Portrait of Jennie. N. Y., Knopf. 1940.  
Tousseul, Jean—Jean Clarambaux. Phila., Lippincott. 1939.  
Van Sweringer, Sigrid—White Noon. N. Y., Benziger. 1939.  
White, Helen C.—To the End of the World. N. Y., Macmillan. 1939.

### Essays:

- Adler, Mortimer J.—How to Read a Book. N. Y., Simon & Shuster. 1940.  
Carrel, Alexis—Man, the Unknown. N. Y., Harper and Bros. 1935.  
Feeney, Leonard—You'd Better Come Quietly. N. Y., Sheed and Ward. 1939.  
Taylor, Deems—The Well Tempered Listener. N. Y., Simon and Shuster. 1940.

### Poetry:

- Frost, Robert—Collected Poems. N. Y., Holt. 1939.  
Thérèse, Sister M.—Now There Is Beauty and Other Poems. N. Y., Macmillan. 1940.

### Opinions of the Day:

- Derrick, Michael—The Portugal of Salazar. London, the Paladin Press. 1938.  
Moley, Raymond—After Seven Years. N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1939.  
Sheen, Fulton J.—Freedom under God. N. Y., Bruce. 1940.  
Waln, Nora—Reaching for the Stars. Boston, Little Brown & Co. 1939.





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baccos that grow in all Tobaccoland makes  
them *cooler, better-tasting and definitely milder.*



## BETTER MADE FOR BETTER SMOKING

Every Chesterfield must conform to the one right  
standard of size and shape for a cooler, better-  
tasting, definitely milder smoke. Chesterfields  
are made right in every detail to give you the  
cigarette that really satisfies. (Picture from the  
new film "TOBACCOLAND, U. S. A.")

